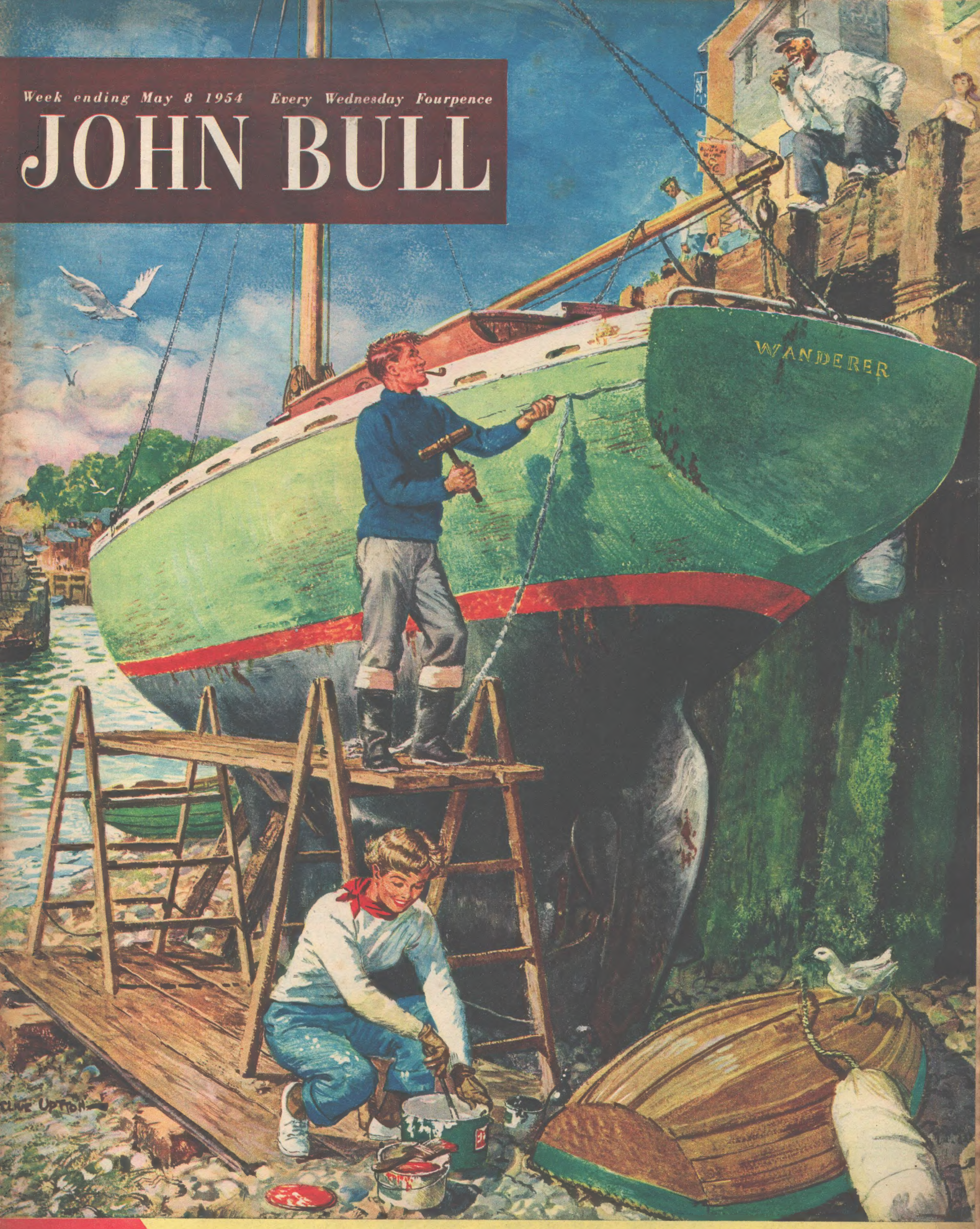
Week ending May 8 1954 *Every Wednesday Fourpence*

JOHN BULL



TWO GREAT SUCCESSES

BHOWANI JUNCTION, the outstanding novel by John Masters: Reach For The Sky, Paul Brickhill's life of DOUGLAS BADER

YOU'VE BEEN PATIENT—YOU'VE 'MADE DO' LONG ENOUGH!

In a matter of days you'll have Stork

Only a few days to go!

Then it's good-bye to those dreary years of making do—and all set for your first exciting taste of fresh creamy Stork! Yes, your *first* taste! Because even if you knew Stork Margarine back in the old days, you'll find Stork now *unbelievably* creamy — creamier than the Stork Margarine you enjoyed before — ***with all the flavour of fresh country produce.*** It's the cream of natural fats . . . sunshine in vitamin form . . . and milk—churned into a smooth, delicious blend of golden goodness. You won't need to be told how good it is—once you've tasted fresh, creamy Stork Margarine.

Now in a matter of days it'll be in the shops . . . on your table. It's just like a happy dream!

NEXT WEEK YOU'LL BE SAYING:

"FANCY CALLING STORK MARGARINE!"

EDITORIAL

Any complaints?

MR. WILLIAM GIBBONS of Kensington sent £2 15s. 6d. for what was advertised as an "all-wool dressing gown." When it arrived it looked rather thin. It was not very warm. It soon became shapeless.

He began to suspect that he had been cheated, so he sent the gown to Mr. Roger Diplock, the forty-two year old secretary of the Retail Trading Standards Association. This organization has been formed by honest traders who are anxious to eliminate unfair competition.

THE association tested the gown and found only a small percentage of wool. Mr. Diplock complained to the suppliers. Quickly, they offered the money back and promised "not to make the mistake again."

MR. WILLIAM GIBBONS
He got his money back

Mr. Diplock considered whether to prosecute them under the Merchandise Marks Act, as he has done in twenty other cases, but reluctantly decided not to do so.

"The fact is that we haven't the money to take to court more than one out of every hundred justified complaints we receive," he says.

The sequel is that Mr. Gibbons still receives circulars from the offending firm offering "all-wool dressing gowns" for £2 15s. 6d., as well as "camel-type" waistcoats which contain no camel-hair —another offence which the firm promised not to repeat.

IT may seem extraordinary that neither the Board of Trade nor the police have prosecuted this firm—and the two thousand others against which complaints are received by Mr. Diplock every year.

But the official policy is that shoppers who have proof of deception should consult their own solicitors. "It would be quite intolerable if people complained to us when they discovered a false trade description," says Mr. Peter Thorneycroft, President of the Board of Trade.

On the contrary, the public surely finds it quite intolerable that the government does not intend to enforce its recently revised Merchandise Marks Act. Under this, a trader can be jailed for misleading descriptions.

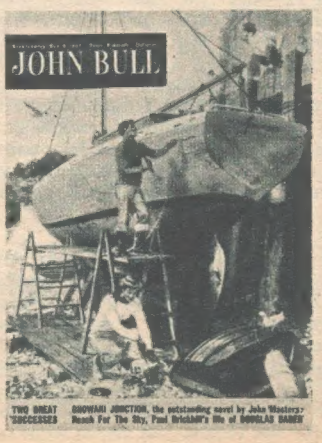
UNDER the new Act it is illegal to call a material fadeless or unshrinkable if it is not; to describe goods as hand-made if they are machine-made; or to advertise them as "cashmere and wool" if there is only ten per cent cashmere to ninety per cent wool.

Traders who get up to such tricks as these should certainly be prosecuted. But it is ridiculous to put the onus on the ordinary shopper or on an unsubsidized body.

If the government sincerely intends to protect the public from sharks, it will set up its own complaints counter.

THIS WEEK'S COVER

RECENTLY Clive Uptton, the artist, sailed the Channel in a friend's yacht. When they arrived at Dieppe they decided to go ashore. Chivalrously, Uptton stepped aside to help his friend's wife up the quayside's iron ladder, placed his weight on the gunwale of the dinghy, and fell into the harbour. Since then, he has left messing about in boats—one of Britain's booming pastimes—to others. But he still likes painting pictures of yachts and yachtsmen.



"Don't thank me, thank Mother. She put me on to it."

THE MERE SIGHT of it puts an edge on your appetite. The firm, tender, rosy plump middle-cut from a prime tuna. More than a tasty extra. A meal, a delicious feast, that makes a dinner worth coming home to. And nothing for you to do but turn it out on a plate! *Take some home for that man of yours tonight.*

Insist on the best—and buy

JOHN WEST'S 'middle-cut' TUNA

PELLING STANLEY & GREEN LIMITED, LIVERPOOL
TNA 2-541

MAKING THE MOST OF *Salads*

Vinegar can make your salads so much more appetizing—but do make sure you use the very best! The best, of course, is Sarson's Virgin Malt Vinegar. It keeps better, lasts longer, usable to the last drop.

Two tips for tastier salads: you can keep lettuce crisp by sprinkling with a mixture of equal parts water and Sarson's Virgin Malt Vinegar: slice your beetroot, sprinkle with a little sugar, cover with Sarson's Malt Vinegar—it's delicious! Ask for Sarson's when *you* next buy vinegar — that's your guarantee it's the best!

SARSON'S VIRGIN VINEGAR

—its best because its brewery bottled!

famous SINCE 1777

for lasting quality

Sherwoods Paints Ltd Barking Essex

A MONEY-MAKER FOR RADIOMEN!

THE NEW EDITION OF

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RADIO · RADIOGRAMS · CAR RADIOS

TELEVISION *(all areas)*

COMMUNICATION RECEIVERS

HERE is big news for the radio service man and radio enthusiast. A great new and enlarged edition of RADIO AND TELEVISION SERVICING is now ready—*and it's yours free for 7 days.* It covers ALL TELEVISION TRANSMITTERS and districts—for London, Birmingham, Holme Moss, Wenvoe, Kirk o' Shotts, etc. This new and comprehensive edition is now being snapped up by radiomen everywhere, for it will pay for itself in a matter of days! It is a gilt-edged investment. **With circuit and servicing data for over 900 models, it is invaluable in daily servicing work.** The volumes are in handy size to use on the repair bench or in customers' homes—the complete guide to efficient and *profitable* servicing.

YOURS for 7 days' Free Examination

HUNDREDS OF CIRCUITS AT YOUR ELBOW plus wanted data worth pounds to you!

Radio Servicing Data for:
Bush, Cossor, Decca, Eddystone, Ekco, Etronic, Ever Ready, Ferguson, Ferranti, G.E.C., Invicta, K-B., Marconiphone, Masteradio, McCarthy, McMichael, Mullard, Murphy, Pam, Peto Scott, Philco, Philips, Pilot, Pye, Raymond, Regentone, R.G.D., Sobell, Ultra, Vidor, etc.

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You will receive:

4 Volumes strongly bound in maroon cloth, each 9½ in. x 6½ in.

1,952 Pages of up-to-the-minute practical information written by skilled engineers and executives of the biggest Radio and Television firms.

900 Models and more — the important data you need for servicing and repair.

2,100 Photographs, explanatory illustrations, circuit, component and chassis layout diagrams, etc.

FREE 2 Years' Technical Advisory Service.

To George Newnes, Ltd., 66-69, Great Queen Street, London, W.C.2. YES, send me RADIO AND TELEVISION SERVICING. It is understood that I may return the work within eight days. If I keep it I will send a first payment of 10*s.* eight days after delivery and 15*s.* monthly thereafter until £7 15*s.* 0*d.* has been paid. Cash price within eight days is £7 0*s.* 0*d.*

Name .....

Address .....

..... Place X where it applies

Occupation ..... Houseowner | Tenant | Living with Parents | Lodging Address |

Your Signature .....

(*Or your Parent's Signature if under* 21) RTV 43

FREE SPEECH

One way to ask for a rise

ONE of my maintenance men asked for a rise early this year. He said he'd had a good offer from a firm in his home town thirty miles away, but that he'd rather stay with me if I could make it worth his while. I gave him another £2 a week.

At a trade demonstration a couple of months later, I was introduced to the manager of the firm the man had mentioned. "Trying to pinch my staff, then?" I said to him jokingly. When I gave him the details, he denied ever making the offer, though he'd known my man for years.

As soon as I got back, I had the matter out and the man admitted that he'd made up the story. I said that I ought to sack him on the spot. He answered: "I'm worth the extra money, aren't I?"—J. L., Yorkshire.

Your Tip, Sir

IT'S part of my job to entertain visiting buyers. We have an arrangement with an hotel; I sign the bill, and the account is sent to my firm. Tipping ("Free Speech," April 24) is left to my discretion, and I tip according to the service received. To my surprise, an envelope containing money was handed to me during a recent visit to the hotel. A ten per cent service charge had been added to one of the bills in error, and paid by the firm. The head waiter was most apologetic, and he explained that the staff did not want to be tipped twice. —G. S., Leeds.

Score: Three

WHILE batting in a cricket match last season, my husband hit the ball in such a way that it knocked the bowler on the head. He was rushed off to be X-rayed for a possible fractured skull. A little later, my husband repeated the trick. This time a fielder was knocked unconscious. Finally, he hit a ball for six right out of the field. There was a howl of anguish, and everyone ran to look over the fence. The ball had struck a passing motor cyclist on the wrist, and machine, boy and girl friend had finished their trip in the hedge. Fortunately, they were only shocked.

All this happened within forty minutes. I feel that I ought to warn those people who think of cricket as a gentle game to be played on lazy summer afternoons.—MRS. JOAN PALEY, Alwyne Drive, Shipton Road, York.

Awkward Squad

ONE night when I was off tour and back under discipline at the Central Pool of Artists headquarters in Italy, an unpopular orderly sergeant came in and demanded: "Lights Out." Gunner Harry Secombe (JOHN BULL, April 10) made one of the silly noises which were part of his act as a star turn for the forces. The lights went on again, and Secombe was on a charge. He got seven days' C.B. the next morning.

A comedy trio, of which Goon Spike Milligan was a member, was responsible for large footprints, well drawn and provided with toes, which walked up a high wall to a coat hanging near the ceiling well out of reach. Then the footprints came down again, leading to an arrow which pointed down with the word "Dead." One sergeant-major was supposed to have left because he couldn't stand these mad artists any longer.—R. FLETCHER, Manchester.

"That was in late 1944 or early 1945," recalls Milligan. "I was with the Bill Hall Trio, and the C.P.A. headquarters was in an old carabinieri barracks in the slums of Naples."

Dawn Patrol

ONCE, during the spring of 1941, I was on guard outside a Home Guard headquarters on the river bank in Cambridge. It was near daybreak, and a thick river mist made visibility nil. I could hear aircraft far above me. Suddenly, I was aware of a strange swishing sound. It grew louder rapidly; something was rushing downwards. A vague shadow swooped towards me. I dropped to one knee, rifle at my shoulder. Three swans swept within inches of my face to land on the river. I could not have been more scared had they been the parachutists I had expected. But why I held my rifle at the ready, I don't know. I had not been issued with ammunition. — C. M., Sheffield.

Hot And Cold

AS soon as our neighbours arrived, they started inviting us round at least twice a week, and dropping in to see us almost as often. The wife called every morning to find out if my wife was going shopping. At weekends the husband looked over the fence to advise me on my plans for the garden. All this ended suddenly when they asked us to spend our holidays with them this year. We said no; they took offence, and now they won't speak to us. On our other side live another couple. We are not on Christian-name terms, but we have got on very well over the past ten years.—G. W., Hampshire.

No Training

THROUGHOUT the country, men and women are offering themselves for election to their local councils. It would be interesting to know how many of the candidates have taken the trouble to attend the monthly meetings of their council before seeking election. Twelve of our councillors have become members since I started going to the meetings. Of the twelve, only one attended in the days when he could merely listen and learn.—HELEN E. TURNER, Worcestershire.

The Culprit

AN attractive and polite boy who lived next to us once appeared at a juvenile court (JOHN BULL Editorial, April 17) and was placed on probation

IN JOHN BULL NEXT WEEK

RAFFLES and the SATURDAY PILGRIM

Another outstanding story by Barry Perowne

for shop-lifting. I found the incident difficult to understand — until I learned a little of the family background. From his birth the boy had been unwanted by his parents.

I could see no way of helping him, but my son did the best thing of all. He chummed up with the boy, and soon he was practically living in our house. I was worried that his mother might think we were trying to interfere, so I went to see her. All she had to say was: "I don't care where he spends his time. He's disgraced the family, and I'm through with him." —Mrs. V. N., Warwickshire.

Home Expert

I CHOSE domestic science for my career, and had three years' training in it. When I married two years ago, everyone expected my home to be spotless and my cooking perfect. Some of our friends were nervous about entertaining us because they thought that I would be critical of their home-making efforts. I advise girls to steer clear of domestic science as a career. It's better to learn with your husband at your side to laugh at your mistakes and enthuse over your successes. Then you will never hear the cry: "Surely they taught you how to do that at college!"—Mrs. M. R., Yorkshire.

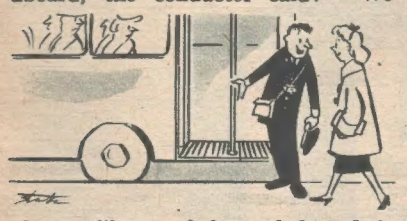
Pen And Sword

JOHN MASTERS, the author of *Bhowani Junction*, commanded our brigade during the siege of the "Blackpool Block" in Burma. When we couldn't hold out any longer, my C.O. told me, as intelligence sergeant, to get in touch with the brigade commander for orders. Masters instructed me to tell my C.O. that we were to fight a rearguard action, and ended by saying: "So long, Sergeant, and good luck. See you in Firpo's." — J. W. Reed, Houghton-le-Spring, County Durham.

The Chindits operated behind the Japanese lines. In May, 1944, a Chindit Brigade established a block (code-named Blackpool) on the only railway supplying the Japanese forces operating against General Stilwell's American-officered Chinese army. The block was evacuated after the Chindits had fought for twenty days and nights. "Firpo's" was a restaurant used by troops on leave in Calcutta. Part Five of "Bhowani Junction" begins on page 19.

Junior Miss

AS an Old Girl, I recently revisited the school which I left last July. A bus overtook me as I left, and I began to run half-heartedly towards the deserted stop. I was surprised to see the bus come to a stop and wait, though no one got off. As I scrambled aboard, the conductor said: "We



always like to help a lady who's trying." Many's the time half-empty buses have sailed past that same stop when I waited there with other uniformed schoolgirls. I realized that I must be grown up now.—Miss A. Nixon, Cheshire.

Letters intended for publication should be as brief as possible and include the sender's full name and address. John Bull pays a guinea for every letter printed, and at usual rates for readers' photographs. Readers with personal problems should send inquiries (other than medical) to John Bull Free Advice Service with a stamped addressed envelope for reply.

'Still living in the kettle age?'

—asks Mr. Therm

Is your kitchen work slowed down by the time it takes—time after time—to boil a kettle or a saucepan of water? Have you wondered how long it takes before those few steps between stove and sink become miles and miles, as the days go by? Madam, you need—you deserve—one of Mr. Therm's instantaneous sink water-heaters. Easily fitted and as neat and small as its price, a gas sink heater gives you an endless quantity of hot water at the turn of the tap. Here is your freedom from cold water drudgery. Here is the tap that gives you new leisure as well as hot water. Call at your gas showrooms to find out how soon and how well an instantaneous sink heater can get to work for you!

Good-it's GAS!

THE GAS INDUSTRY MAKES THE BEST USE OF THE NATION'S COAL

Issued by the Gas Council

In a 'dry martini'

better drink

MARTINI

DRY

A great "ahhh" went up from the crowd. Jack, his bat in the crease, looked to his father. The match, and much more, depended on Sam's decision

A master of the golden game

by ***CLEDWYN HUGHES***

ILLUSTRATED BY K. J. PETTS

It was a moment of supreme excitement. And for Sam Evans, the umpire, the hardest choice of his life

A World Prize Story

FOR ALL HIS LIFE Sam Evans had lived for the game of cricket, and in the parishes along the Welsh Border he was known and loved and respected as being a master with the bat. On any quality of pitch, under any condition of light or weather, he was a supreme craftsman. Indeed, it was said that but for his weakness he might have played for one of the great counties, or perhaps even have been chosen among the eleven for England.

No ball, however fast or however slow, beat Sam Evans. He could deal with the malice of a bumper, or the speed of a fast one, or the loving cunning of a spin-bowler. When the score was low he would display his famous, graceful, hard-hitting strokes which reaped in the runs with boundaries of fours and sixes. When the score was high and his skill was not therefore urgently needed, Sam would tease the men who opposed him; he would give short catches in the slips, or tremendous drives which made the umpire and the bowler scuttle to one side.

And he had, too, a great sense of showmanship and spectator reaction. He knew

Continued on page 38

The fat man's only enemy is food

by DON EVERITT

He blames glands, heredity—anything but his own enormous appetite. Doctors say: "He should stop cheating—and diet"

Tim Dunnell—a man with his appetite control "jammed wide open." He fattened after a blow on the head, and now weighs twenty-six stones

LATE ONE SATURDAY NIGHT a bus drew up outside the depot at Norwich before making the last run of the day to the nearby village of Drayton. The driver, Albert Dunnell, got out to top up the radiator. As he stood filling the can at a tap, a piece of guttering crashed on his head. Stunned, Dunnell staggered into the garage. His workmates could find neither cut nor bruises. After briefly nursing his head, Dunnell climbed back in his cab and finished his shift.

When this mishap occurred, Dunnell, who is known as Tim, was twenty-four, of average height, and had weighed a normal twelve stones for several years. Three months after the blow on the head he found that his collars would no longer fit. Within a year, so many people commented about his growing girth that he weighed himself: he was over sixteen stones.

Soon, his trousers would not meet, his jacket buttons burst, his shirts split. Year by year, he grew fatter and fatter: eighteen stones, twenty-one, twenty-four. Five years after the guttering had struck him, Tim Dunnell reached twenty-six and a half stones. And around that weight he has stayed for twenty years.

Fatness Carries Hidden Menace

The condition of Tim Dunnell is not a medical mystery. Obesity is, in fact, one of the most frequent physical abnormalities among white people. In Britain today, it is increasingly common. It is also one of the most underrated of all ailments.

Roughly one in five adults carries too much fat. With it, he or she carries a predisposition to disease and premature death which grows as the fat grows. Statistics show that a middle-aged man with twenty-five pounds of excess fat increases his chances of dying within a year by twenty-five per cent; a fifty pounds excess means a fifty per cent greater chance of death.

"The correction and prevention of obesity," says Dr. Hugh Macdonald Sinclair, the director of the Laboratory of Human Nutrition at the Churchill Hospital, Oxford, "would undoubtedly bring a great improvement in the health of the nation."

Sinclair defines obesity as an excess of fat over the normal expected for height, age, sex *and* build—stressing that normal height-weight tables are misleading. Physicians take into account whether a person is fat (endomorph), thin (ectomorph) or muscular and large-boned (mesomorph).

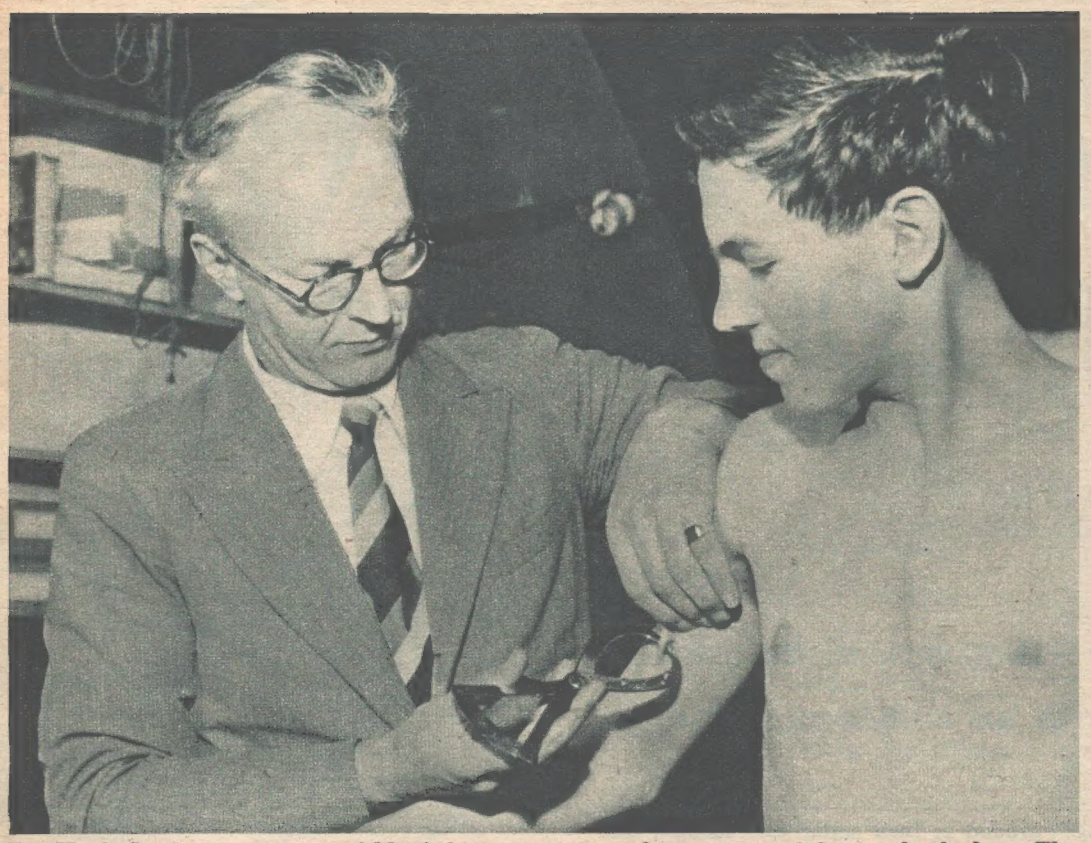
Most Experts Blame Overeating

"Muscle weighs heavier than fat," the doctor explains. "A mesomorph might have very little fat and yet be considerably overweight according to the weighing-machine table."

Technically, all cases of obesity—including Tim Dunnell—can easily be corrected. Most specialists now agree that obesity results solely from overeating: that a faulty appetite control causes the overeating; and that the one safe, sure cure for obesity is to diet. The overeating can be constant or it can be a short, sudden, digression from a normal appetite which is afterwards sufficient to keep the excess fat about the body.

"Obesity," says the *British Medical Journal*, "is the result of the body's energy intake exceeding its energy output." Dr. Edward Rynearson told a medical meeting in London: "Fat comes from food—where else could it come from?" But many people—the stouter ones, in particular—do not realize or accept this.

Tim Dunnell at first denies to strangers that he has a large appetite, and cannot remember ever overeating in the years when he first put on weight. This reaction is typical. "The fat



Dr. Hugh Sinclair measures a fold of skin to estimate the amount of fat in the body. "The correction and prevention of obesity," he says, "would improve the health of the nation"

person will invariably cheat about his food intake," says one doctor. "He has an infinite capacity for fooling his doctor and himself."

To a new acquaintance, Tim Dunnell recently said: "Why, I often have only one or two meals a day." This is true, but it says nothing of the size of the meals or of his capacity for liquids.

At one recent evening meal, Dunnell prepared half a pound of sausages, five large rashers of fatty bacon, three eggs, two slices of fried bread and three half-pint mugs of highly sugared tea. He admits that ever since the blow on the head he has had a strong liking for fried, fatty and sugary foods—the prime producers of excess fat.

Dunnell's liquid consumption is gigantic. In an average day recently he drank more than two gallons, apart from mugs of tea. In the morning, the milkman delivered a quart of milk, and Dunnell drank most of it before the milkman had served the other caravan dwellers in the Peterborough boatyard where Dunnell now lives.

At midday, Dunnell went to a nearby public house and drank six pints of beer. At night he had another eight pints. "I have half a dozen pints before I know I've had any," he says. "I drink another two or three, then that makes me really hungry and I come home and get the old frying pan out."

Not long ago, Dunnell, who has a small haulage business, sold a car for £45. He set the money aside for beer. Every morning and evening he put a pound note on a public house counter. "I never had any change," he says. "In a month, the £45 had gone." Doctors have noticed that obese people commonly drink a lot of beer; a survey showed that twenty-three per cent are consistent beer drinkers.

Ignoring his giant appetite, Tim Dunnell believes that a glandular disorder arising from the blow on the head causes his fatness. But blaming glands for depositing fat about the body is a common and hackneyed fallacy. Contemporary medical textbooks and journals regularly criticize doctors for perpetuating an idea which scientific investigation has largely disproved.

"The fallacy arose partly because the thyroid gland controls the conversion of food to bodily uses," says one doctor. "Thyroid extract certainly reduces some fat people, but only by burning up the excess fat and, therefore, subjecting the body to some strain."

Another reason for the fallacy was that damage to the pituitary gland appeared to cause obesity. One day a doctor operated on a rat as if to destroy the pituitary, but withdrew his instrument from the brain before severing the gland. Immediately after the operation the rat developed a voracious appetite and fattened rapidly. The doctor deduced that the obesity arose from surgical damage, not to the pituitary, but to a region immediately above the gland.

More recent experiments have definitely proved that this region, known as the hypothalamus, has much to do with the control of appetite. Cerebral disease, pressure from pituitary tumours, or a blow on the head such as Tim Dunnell suffered can all disturb the area, producing an excessive appetite, and obesity.

Tim Dunnell's condition, however, is by no means typical of all cases and degrees of obesity. Hospital studies have recently indicated that bad habits and emotional upsets affect the hypothalamus, especially in childhood, middle-age and pregnancy.

One woman who fattened at three pounds a week after the birth of a son not only ate her full ordinary meals with second helpings, but munched sweets and raided the larder between meals. Every night after a special supper she also took food to bed, knowing she would wake ravenous during the night. And in the morning she always asked her husband—who disclosed these facts—to bring cheese and biscuits with the cup of tea that she drank in bed.

"The woman herself," the doctor says, "denied with some anger that she was over-eating. She never had more than her fill."

This remark gets right at the crux of the obesity problem: the fat person's appetite control gets "jammed wide open," as one doctor puts it, and, no matter how much he eats above the normal, if his appetite is not satisfied he honestly feels hungry.

"So-called hereditary obesity results from the child copying its parents' eating habits," says one doctor. "In poor families especially, parents and children stuff themselves with food, mostly fatty or stodgy, with the sub-conscious idea that it's best to eat as much as possible while they can afford it."

Far and away the commonest age for obesity is from forty onwards. According to Dr. Hugh Sinclair, the Oxford nutritionist, two factors influence a man's waistline in middle-age. "Firstly, his energy output tends to decrease while his food—or energy—intake remains constant. Secondly, as he becomes more financially secure, a man may eat and drink more."

But the overall effects of obesity are as severe as a virulent epidemic disease. "Among both obese men and women," Dr. Hugh Sinclair says, "the number of deaths from diseases of the circulatory system and the kidneys is seventy per cent higher than normal."

Obese people also suffer more frequently from arthritis and hernias. They get more fractures and are involved in more accidents. Surgery is more difficult with a fat person. And, in childbirth, obesity brings a greater danger of complications, toxaemia, large babies and death.

A Suitcase—Or Sacks Of Coal

Tim Dunnell appreciates the complications and disadvantages of his complaint. A little physical energy quickly tires him. Tying a shoelace leaves him breathless. Walking across the boatyard where he lives sometimes seems to him a formidable task. "The average fat man virtually carries a heavy suitcase all the time," says a doctor. "Dunnell carries practically the equivalent of two sacks of coal."

Dunnell also knows the psychological drawbacks. He is noted in and around Peterborough for his humour. But alone in his caravan he often has periods of depression. He knows that in most company he is an outsider. "Why do people—children *and* adults—make fun of a fat man?" he says. "They don't laugh at a man with one leg."

After living in boarding houses and with relatives for many years, Dunnell now lives in a barely furnished caravan with his incongruously tiny dog because he finds it "more comfortable and convenient." He sleeps in a giant bed with a medical book at his pillow. He reads it often. He knows the dangers of obesity. He has been told that every extra inch on his waistline means a year off his life, that he is "digging his grave with his teeth." He knows he can help himself. And yet he can't.

Years ago, Tim Dunnell did not seek advice because he disliked visiting doctors. As he has got older, however, he has had practically every treatment possible, including gland extracts. None has had a lasting effect.

In 1949 he entered hospital and lived for several weeks on little more than vitamin tablets and drugs which depress the appetite. Eventually, his hunger and the hospital atmosphere got the better of the tablets and he went home. In hospital, he had lost five stones—but within a fortnight he regained half of them.

"Since I left hospital," he says, "I've often had ideas about dieting. Directly after a good meal I tell myself I'll diet. I do—till I get hungry. I just haven't the will-power to carry on."

Marathon Walk To Lose A Pound

This reaction is not unusual; doctors report that very few people who start a weight-reducing programme carry it through to success.

Since Tim Dunnell sold his car he has had rather more exercise than usual. This has reduced his weight a little. Doctors have found that not only does exercise increase the appetite, but to lose one pound of fat a man would have to walk at least thirty-six miles, or sprint for seven and a half miles, or row the Boat Race course nine times. A pint of beer or two slices or bread and butter replace three hundred calories lost in a half-hour game of squash.

"Whatever view is taken of the cause of the excessive appetite which results in obesity," says the *British Medical Journal*, "there is no debate about the basis of treatment. Restriction of calorie intake alone will reduce weight.

"The too, too solid flesh will melt only when its possessor submits to an unbending discipline and exerts a rigid control over his appetite. There is no easy way." THE END

Maureen and the four chaperons

by **SCOTT YOUNG**

ILLUSTRATED BY TANAT JONES

A few moments alone with her—that was all he asked. Who could propose to a girl with an audience of four?

SHE HAD PHONED to leave a message for her brothers at their work. Now, from her bedroom, she heard them arriving. They made none of their accustomed clatter below in the old, red-brick house, nothing but low voices and a mild creaking of floors. Michael the eldest's usual shout was but a whisper of itself up the stairs as he called, "Maureen, are you all right up there?"

"All right," she called. She was sitting before her mirror, resting after putting a few last things in her bag.

"Has the doctor been called?"

"I called him. There's no mad hurry, he says."

"Are you sure?"

"I am sure. I'm making ready. I'll be soon down."

Hearing his footsteps going away on tiptoe below, she smiled suddenly, her lips and her dark eyes soft and gentle. The quietness of her brothers below made her remember one night when she and Clem had been kept awake by Michael and Thomas and Roger and Danny arguing downstairs about the price they should charge on one of their steeple-cleaning jobs. Clem had grumbled, "The day your brothers do a thing quietly and without uproar, that will be the day the 12th of July falls on the 17th of March."

Or, she thought, the day their sister has a baby. . . . Tears came to her eyes as quickly as the smile had come a moment before. Going to the hospital to have her baby without Clem by her!

THE fight that supper time two months ago had been fearful. And yet it had been brewing since the night a year before when she had first met Clem Jones. It was at a dance in the parish hall, he a house-painter newly in town from his native Wales. She had wanted to let Clem walk her home that night as he asked, but her brothers were there, also, so six walked, instead of two. It was a wonder he'd found the place to kiss her at all.

And when, the next Sunday, he called to take her for a walk in the park, her brothers looked on it as a general invitation; and as they walked, Clem with his arm around her, her brothers had shared the conversation, laughing and joking all the time. Clem had thought it far from a joke. It had needed a clever bit of scheming on his part to get her alone to propose only three weeks later, with the four of them always in and out. But then, when she had posed for her wedding photograph with Clem and her brothers, she had looked around at their smiles and thought that now there would be peace.

Peace, indeed! How could she have known the things that would arise? Potatoes, now! One night, walking home from a cinema, Clem spoke of potatoes mashed with cream, as his mother used to make, and the next night when Maureen did them that way her brothers grimaced insultingly—and in truth she found the taste unpleasant herself, but did not show it. And then the glum look of them when Clem ruled that ironing shirts for five men was too much for Maureen, and her expecting a baby and all—and the glummer looks at the way the laundry ironed them!

BUT it was all with joshing and friendship until the night of the fight. It started at supper with Roger reopening the question about Clem coming in with them as a steeplejack, a topic which came up because her brothers, besieged with steeple and chimney jobs as always in summer, had that day lost a helper by a broken leg. They had asked Clem before and he had refused politely, but now they kept after him.

It was the end of a summer day, hot and tense, and finally he slammed down his fork and said, "I have my own trade and I will stay with it, and that is an end to it!" His exasperation was like a spark in a fireworks factory.

"Is it perhaps that you are afraid of the climbing?" flared Danny, the youngest.

"Well," Clem said tartly, "it is true that if a Welshman fell four hundred feet on his head it would kill him, instead of causing a buzzing in the ears, as it would with an Irishman."

"Clem!" said Maureen.

"Take that back!" said Michael, reddening.

"I will not!" he said. "Although I did not mean it to include you, Maureen."

"I am Irish!"

"Take it back!" Roger said, rising.

Clem rose, too, looking only at Maureen. Once, before their marriage, quite gently he had suggested that they should have a home of their own. But for the five years since she was fifteen and her mother died, soon after her father, Maureen had cooked and sewed and kept house for the brothers as they left school and became steeplejacks one by one. Clem had seen how strongly she felt her duty to them and had not mentioned it again, until now.

"Maureen," he said, speaking straight to her through the angry words her brothers were flinging now fast at him, "it would be hard on our marriage to live longer with your brothers. Let them hire someone, or one of them marry

He had looked forward to this: a quiet stroll

for himself and get a cook, at least! Let us live our own lives!"

"They will marry when they find the girls, and it will not be for a cook alone while I am alive!"

He said, "Pack your bag, Maureen."

"She will not if she does not wish!" Michael shouted.

She remembered now the look of them, four dark, angry brothers, small but quick and strong, and Clem, taller and light-haired, stamping through them and upstairs. He was back, it seemed, in seconds only, when all were still indignant with his slurs to the Irish, and stood before her holding his suitcase.

"We will find a room tonight and a home tomorrow," he said, and before she could reason with him he took her arm. But as he touched her, Danny hit him and Clem dropped his bag with a released cry and fought them all in a flailing rage as great as their own.

AT that, Maureen cried, and dishes were broken and Danny's front teeth. Finally—and it took all four of them—they sat on him, panting, and he said, "Let me up."

They did. His torn shirt clung to him as he picked up his bag and looked at her once. Then he had walked out and she had not gone with him—as she now suddenly knew she should have. Roger had said uneasily, "He'll cool off and come back." But he had not. The only

in the park with Maureen. Quiet! What a joke that was, with her four brothers laughing and larking all round them. Clem knew the joke was on him

word she had heard of him since was that he had been seen here and there painting houses, and that he was living alone in a room.

She wiped at the slow, brimming tears. She had heard Clem called a brute for leaving her when her baby was to be born, but she was not one to think of an unborn baby as a club by which a man's pride should be broken and a woman's maintained. . . .

Abruptly she had to sit again. She should go now. But when the pain passed, she edged into the narrow space beside their bed to the laundry basket she had covered with frilled blue gingham, padded and soft, and suddenly she knew something more. She would go to him, she would, as soon as she could walk again! She touched the basket tenderly in a soft rush of joy, and knew still another thing. Her brothers must not come to the hospital. She and Clem had talked of this day. If he did by some miracle hear of it and come to the hospital, he should not have to be bothered with brothers. It was a husband's right.

She walked downstairs and at once they were all around her. Roger took the bag from her while Danny tried to get her to sit where he had been sitting and Michael and Thomas circled like anxious sheepdogs. She looked at them, so alike yet so different; Danny always quick to fight for her in school and later, Thomas brusque, Michael always talking, Roger the tallest and a great joker and tenor voice. She loved them all, but it wasn't the kind of love she wanted now.

She braced herself for the fight. "You are none of you coming into the hospital," she said. "I will not be having brothers there while my baby is born. If not my husband, then no one."

It was astonishing, the looks on their faces. It was also astonishing that all avoided one another's eyes, staring at her instead. Glum and silent, they followed her out of the door.

"I mean it!" she said, facing them on the porch in the fine autumn day.

Just then a taxi scattered gravel stopping on the drive, and she saw who got out. He slammed the door and turned and saw them at the top of the steps and stopped below and looked only at Maureen, as earnest a looking Welshman as she ever had seen him, and her heart was about to burst.

"Do not think I would be away this day, Maureen!" he said, his voice all rushing and breathless. "Even if you will not have me after, which I hope you will again, I have the right to be at the hospital when our baby is born. . . . And you, you bog-trotters," he said, glaring around at the brothers, "keep out of my way or I'll clean you all again, that I will!"

"Darling!" Maureen said, joyously laughing, and went down the steps into his arms. "How did you know?"

"The doctor called me," he said, "as I had asked him, leaving a number for each job I had. And I had four anonymous phone messages left for me—from neighbours in the street, no doubt, who admire your blustering brothers no more than I . . ." And he stopped. "Four!" he said, and looked at the brothers again.

Because each must have sneaked away from the others to phone, they wouldn't look at one another at first, or even at Maureen. Danny said finally, a defiant explanation, "I couldn't stand seeing her jump for the phone or a tap at the door, that I couldn't!" And Thomas and Roger and Michael said that was how it was with them, too. And for a while it was all quiet and smiling and polite.

But even politeness did not get them to the hospital, for when they said that now all were friends they would like to come too, Clem said they weren't that friendly, not by a long chalk, and there was such an argument from the taxi windows that Maureen had to tell them to whisht, make less noise. And then she really *had* to go.

She heard of the waiting later. The nurses told her of Clem's, humble and silent. The neighbours told her of her brothers', quiet too, until the shout that could be heard for a block when the phone rang and Clem told them that now if they could act in a manner befitting the relatives of Welshmen they could come and see their sister, who was well, and meet Clement Michael Roger Thomas Daniel Jones. THE END

Donald Wolfit, autocrat who takes the stage by storm

by REX GRIZELL

His company call him "Sir"—and admire the fiery dignity that makes him an actor-manager in the grand tradition. "Wolfit," wrote one critic, "is a national theatre in himself"

IT WAS SUNDAY MORNING on a provincial station. A special train carrying a company of Shakespearian actors to the next town was waiting at the platform. At the time of departure there was no sign of Donald Wolfit, the actor-manager. Sleepily, the guard signalled the train out of the station. Just as it began to move, Wolfit appeared. He flung up a hand and in his best stage voice roared: "Stop the train! Stop the train!" Turning to an inoffensive porter at his side, he added: "If that train leaves, I'll hold you personally responsible!" The train stopped and Wolfit climbed aboard.

Wolfit is a man who knows what he wants, and acts quickly and energetically to get it. Soon after the liberation of France, but before the end of the war, he took a company to Paris. During a performance one night there was gunfire and planes began to roar overhead. The excitable French stagehands began to panic, crying: *"Les Boches! Les Boches!"*

Spurred by the urgency of the situation, Wolfit recalled one of the few French phrases he had learnt, and turned on them with a fierce *"Taisez-vous!"* (Shut up!). He delivered it in a school accent but with such authority that it sent them back to their jobs in silence.

As the successor to Irving, Tree and the line of touring actor-managers stretching back to the Elizabethans, Wolfit has taken his company to New York, Cairo, Brussels and Versailles, as well as Paris, and has toured Canada twice. He has now given more than four thousand Shakespearian performances, and with considerable financial success. As a guest star he commands a three-figure weekly salary. Though he is Britain's most active Shakespearian actor, he also finds time to appear in films, and is now starring as Svengali in the new British film *Trilby And Svengali*.

He attributes his present position to his obstinacy. In New York he clashed with the management of the huge Century Theatre, who insisted that the company should use the stage microphones. Wolfit retorted that no self-respecting Shakespearian actor would ever use a microphone, and refused point-blank to perform if they were switched on. As usual, he got his own way.

At fifty-one, Wolfit is a thick-set, barrel-chested man with the florid complexion of a farmer. A whirlwind of energy, he often spends fourteen hours a day in the theatre. He will hold a dress rehearsal of a play in the morning, do lighting and stage changes all afternoon and give the first performance in the evening; then he will follow the same routine with a fresh play on the next day.

During a season at the Scala some years ago he presented eight full-length Shakespearian plays in one week, and took the leading rôle in five of them. Richard Goolden, a member of that company, says: "However hard he drove us, we always felt he drove himself that bit harder."

The emotional power of Wolfit's acting makes him quick tempered off-stage. "If anything goes wrong," says one of the company, "we all come under heavy fire. But his anger doesn't last long and he never bears a grudge." An associate describes him as a bull of a man who knows every aspect of the theatre, and thinks nothing of taking off his coat to move a piece of scenery himself. His secretary recalls that he asked her only one question when he interviewed her. It was: "Are you strong?"

John Wynyard, who has been with Wolfit for several years, has never known him to miss a performance—though once it was difficult for him to finish.

At a costumiers, Wolfit is fitted with clothes for his film part of Svengali. In his theatrical work, he has no use for luxury. His company's wardrobe is carefully repaired year after year

Ran Choking From The Stage

On that occasion, Wolfit was playing the name part in Ben Jonson's *Volpone*. At one point in the action he had to hide a large pearl in his mouth. The pearl stuck in his throat and he began to choke. The curtain was rung down as he leaped from the couch on which he was supposed to be dying and ran off stage. He threw himself on the floor in the wings, choking and retching, his face a dark purple. Then a powerful young man in the company dragged Wolfit to his feet and gave him a tremendous blow on the back, dislodging the pearl. After a few moments to recover, a hoarse and shaken Wolfit insisted on continuing.

In his thirty-three years on the stage, Wolfit has acted in the public halls of mining villages, in castles and on board ship, as well as in many London theatres.

Once, at a village in the Mull of Kintyre, he was playing a bargee who at one point threatened to strike his wife. At this moment in the action, fierce shouting broke out at the back of the hall. It turned out that the audience included a boatload of people from an island six miles off the coast, who had never before seen a "live" performance. One of the men, thinking Wolfit was really going to strike the woman, had yelled out that he was coming up on the stage to give him the hiding of his life.

In one mining town Wolfit "got the bird." The actor-manager of the company he was with had unwisely chosen two melodramas for the Saturday night programme, when the miners were at their merriest. They sat through the

Wolfit puts whirlwind energy into whatever he does. Under Dennis Vaughan (right), musical director, he learns to conduct for his new film

first with growing restlessness, but when it came to the second, *The Bells*, the green lighting of the dream scene was too much for them. Amid catcalls and jeering, bottles, pennies and papers rained down on the stage.

When Wolfit decided to devote all his energy and talent to Shakespeare he met a barrage of cynical comment from those who thought it impossible to make a success of classical theatre. Wolfit ignored them, and though he was sometimes brought down to his last few shillings, he went his own way, keeping to the great plays and the parts he knew he could act.

He formed his own Shakespearian company in 1937, "to present classical plays and plays of an educational nature," after he had been playing for two seasons at the Memorial Theatre, Stratford on Avon, for £22 a week. He saved £500 and put it all into the company. The following spring he produced *Cyrano de Bergerac* and lost every penny of his investment except fifteen shillings. With the help and encouragement of friends he gave a Shakespearian tour the next autumn. Since then, he and his company have appeared in all the great provincial cities and regularly in London.

In an effort to give Shakespeare a permanent home in North London, Wolfit leased the old Bedford Theatre in Camden Town in 1949. This venture lasted only sixteen weeks, but it enhanced his reputation; in the 1950 New Year's Honours List he was appointed a C.B.E. for services to the theatre.

During his season at the Winter Garden in 1945, a flying bomb fell close to the theatre, blowing in the stage door. Wolfit salvaged it and had it transformed into a couch. He uses it whenever the set calls for one. He feels no need for luxurious settings around him. "It's all done on a shoe-string," he says proudly. The wardrobe contains a vast stock of costumes, including his own, which are repaired year after year. Wolfit lets nothing go.

Among Wolfit's carefully preserved props are crowns that Martin Harvey wore, rings from Matheson Lang, a brooch from Ellen Terry. The filing cabinet in which company papers are kept is an old property box turned up on end.

The first time Ellen Pollock played Regan to Wolfit's Lear, she went to the wardrobe and took out the costume designed for the part of Regan in the original production eleven years before. She put it on and reported to Wolfit.

"Yes, I like that, Ellen," he said. "But I think it's a little too large. It needs lifting on the shoulders."

"Yes," said Ellen Pollock, "I thought so, too."

"It's odd, you know," said Wolfit slowly, already deeply immersed in the atmosphere of the play, and thinking only of the characters. "It *used* to fit Regan."

"Headmaster" To His Company

In the theatre, Wolfit maintains an autocratic dignity reminiscent of great actor-managers of the past. To his company he is "Sir." One actress says: "Though Donald Wolfit was well liked we did sometimes feel we were in school and that he was headmaster." In Paris he took the younger members of the company to see Mistinguette. There was heavy snow on the ground, and as he marshalled the party he was heard to call with almost paternal anxiety: "Now, girls, have you all got your goloshes?"

Off-stage, Wolfit is a man of simple tastes. He and his wife, Rosalind Iden, who is also his leading lady, live in a small cottage on the edge of Hampstead Heath. He has no expensive hobbies and no desire to join the social whirl. In his leisure moments he listens to music, reads, or walks on the heath. His idea of an evening's entertainment is to go to the theatre. At home he sheds some of his professional dignity, and does not object to cooking the breakfast or cleaning out the grates.

Born in Newark, where his father was an accountant, Wolfit was educated at the local grammar school. "I was a poor scholar, and never wanted to be anything but an actor," he says. While still at school he used to cycle eighteen miles to Nottingham to see Terry, Ainley and other great actors at the Theatre Royal. He missed his lunch and afternoon games to do it. He never told his parents.

At eighteen, in the face of family opposition, he left his first job to join Charles Doran's Shakespearian company. He was paid £2 a week. "You could live on it then." Three young actors would share a bedroom, paying 10s. a week each, and finding their own meals, usually pork pies or kippers.

Landladies were suspicious of actors. Looking for rooms in a small town in the Lowlands of Scotland, Wolfit was told: "No actors. We only take Christians." Another time, an old porter on a northern station referred to the train which was taking the actors and their scenery to another town as "a load of sin."

Noel Streatfeild, now an author of children's books, was a member of Doran's company with Wolfit. "There used to be a lot of fun on tour," she says. "But Donald was never frivolous. He was always ambitious, and spent his spare time studying his scripts."

Took The West End By Storm

Last year, after seeing his performance as Lord Ogleby in *The Clandestine Marriage*, a leading critic summed up Wolfit's achievement. "As long as Wolfit goes on playing, there's no need for a national theatre. He is one in himself."

In Marlowe's *Tamburlaine The Great*, as the cruel shepherd who became a tyrannical world conqueror, Wolfit took the West End by storm. One night a hearty actor of his acquaintance came to congratulate him. "Wonderful show, old chap. How on earth do you do it?"

There was no false modesty in Wolfit's reply. With unsmiling dignity he answered: "By patience and hard work. THE END

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THE SWEET WITH THE HOLE

NAVY SWEETS - NEW MILLS - STOCKPORT

Eric Ball, Douglas Bader, Willie McKnight—and Hitler getting a kick in the pants. The 242 emblem was designed by Bader during the Battle of Britain

REACH FOR THE SKY (7) Paul Brickhill's book of the year

Bader defies orders and routs the bombers

He fought the Germans like a demon, regardless of rules—and fear. "Don't worry," he said to his wife. "I've got armour plate behind me, tin legs below and an engine in front. How can they get me?"

LEIGH-MALLORY, the Air Officer Commanding 12 Fighter Group, had been shrewd when he had sent Douglas Bader to command 242 Squadron in June, 1940. The pilots, nearly all Canadian, were a tough bunch, but morale was low. Just back from France, where they suffered severe casualties and had been messed about and deserted by authority in the chaos of the fighting, they were fed up and cynical. Drifting along, leaderless, they needed some decent organization and firm handling.

Bader, as Leigh-Mallory guessed, quickly proved to be the right man for the job. Within a fortnight, 242 Squadron was a cohesive unit, trusting in and loyal to their new commanding officer. They knew just what they had to do, and why, and when, and it all made sense.

At first the Canadians were sceptical when they heard that their C.O. had no legs—they were amputated after his air crash in 1931, when he was only twenty-one—but their illusions that he was going to be a passenger were soon shattered. Bader not only showed that he could fly better than any of them, but that he had the vitality and drive of a dozen men *with* legs.

The first time he did dawn readiness with them, he slept as usual with the rostered pilots on the iron cots in the dispersal hut, taking his two artificial legs off and parking them beside the cot, complete with shoes, socks and trousers on them. (This way he could dress ready for action before the others could put on shoes and socks.) It was the first time they had seen him with his legs off and surreptitiously they eyed them, fascinated, in a slight hush. No one, of course, made any remark but it was uncanny to see that the man who was so vital actually *did* have artificial legs. The legend was true.

Bader lived for his squadron and expected all his men to do likewise. The somewhat swashbuckling figure with the lurching walk was liable to appear anywhere on the squadron at any time, a masterful and undisputed head of the family seeing that his house was in order. As Stan Turner, a Canadian with a granite-chipped face, said to West, the squadron engineer officer: "Legs or no legs, I've never seen such a goddam mobile fireball as that guy."

The muscular Turner himself was not a mild man, having a large capacity for beer and a penchant for firing off a large revolver in public. The wing commander had suggested to Douglas: "You ought to get rid of that chap Turner. He's too wild." But Bader saw eye-to-eye with Turner, who was a first-class pilot, and fearless and decisive. The Canadian stayed; in fact, Bader made him a section leader and found that responsibility curbed his wildness.

Already he had his eye on several of the pilots

as future section leaders, in particular Hugh Tamblyn, of the firm jaw, steady eye and dry good humour. The handsome Tamblyn had an air of utter reliability about him, and so did Noel Stansfeld, of the fair, curly hair and good looks, and Laurie Cryderman, who was tall and slight with crinkly hair and a cheerful charm. Two years before Cryderman had been leading a jazz band and was still only twenty-four.

Norrie Hart was a different type, shorter, firm-faced, quick of wit and speech delivered in a hard, dry accent. On the side of his Hurricane he had painted a chamber pot with swastikas falling into it. John Latta was again different, with a drawly voice, a dark, slight young man who occasionally showed the dourness of Scottish forbears. Ben Brown was very handsome, very brave and a very bad shot. Neil Campbell was even more handsome. Bob Grassick was compact and imperturbable.

A Flinty-eyed Dead-shot

All the Canadians seemed fearless and none more so than Willie McKnight, a flinty-eyed little dead-shot of twenty from Calgary, who had already knocked down several German aircraft in the shambles over France. Under the tender lips he was a tough little man with a D.F.C. and a weakness for soft music; he had a large collection of Bing Crosby records and played them endlessly in the mess in the evenings, being greatly irritated when Cryderman sang over the top of the velvety Crosby.

Apart from Bader and his two new flight commanders, Eric Ball and Powell-Sheddon, the only other English pilot on the squadron was Denis Crowley-Milling, a sturdy blond pilot officer who looked about seventeen but was, in fact, twenty-one. Then there was also Roy Bush, a steady-eyed New Zealander. Yet, apart from accents, no one noticed nationality any more; they were too busy training as a team, and life under the new C.O. was stimulating, though no fighting seemed in sight. One never saw a German aircraft. Once in a blue moon a lone raider might flirt round the coast in cloud, and they said there were masses of them gathering in France, but unless Hitler tried an invasion it looked as though the war had bogged down. Pity, in a way.

The Battle For Survival

But always in the background echoed Churchill's recent words: "The battle of France is over. I expect that the battle of Britain is about to begin. Upon this battle depends the survival of Christian civilization. . . . Let us, therefore, address ourselves to our duty, so bear ourselves that if the British Commonwealth and Empire last for a thousand years men will say, 'This was their finest hour.'"

Soon the squadron had eighteen Hurricanes and three more young men came to bring the pilots up to twenty-one. Oddly enough they were naval types lent by the Admiralty because the R.A.F., short of pilots, was manning the ramparts for the battle. One of them, Midshipman Patterson, was about nineteen, still with the fuzz of youth on his cheeks, and the others were a year or two older, Sub-Lieutenants Dickie Cork and Jimmie Gardner. Cork was a rugged, laughing six-footer and Bader often put him in his own section, the third man being the hawk-eyed little Willie McKnight.

On August 8, off the Isle of Wight, sixty Stukas dived out of the sun on a convoy. Two hours later a hundred more attacked the same convoy. Fighters swarmed up from Tangmere and other fields and dived on the enemy. Aircraft spun smoking into the sea and two ships went down in flame and smoke. In the afternoon 130 German aircraft savagely bombed a convoy off Bournemouth. The storm had burst and in the great crook of hostile airfields off south and east England, Goering had four thousand aircraft. Fighter Command's squadrons in the front line had five hundred pilots and aircraft and there were not many reserves.

The Stukas swept in again and bombs crashed down on Portland and Weymouth and convoys off the Thames Estuary and Harwich. Goering was going for the vulnerable ships and testing the strength of the air opposition. Then, in eleven waves, two hundred bombers attacked Dover. Portsmouth was next, and now the enemy was sending over four hundred aircraft in one day. The fighters of 11 Group around London and to the south tore into them and the Luftwaffe lost more than two hundred planes. Across the Channel R.A.F. bombers were attacking the gathering invasion barges.

The defences were stronger than Goering had thought. He had to cripple the R.A.F. by mid-September—Hitler planned to launch twenty-five divisions to land between Folkestone and Worthing on September 21. On August 15 the bombs came down on the fighter fields of south-east England—Dover, Deal, Hawkinge, Lympne, Middle Wallop, Kenley, Biggin Hill.

Bader and 242 Squadron saw none of this, though every day they waited "at readiness" by the Hurricanes. It was 11 Group's battle and 12 Group was held back to cover England's industrial heart north of London. Burning for the fight, Bader rang Leigh-Mallory and pleaded to be embroiled, but Leigh-Mallory told him: "We can't put all our eggs in one basket, Bader. You've got to hang on and wait. No doubt the enemy would be delighted to draw out fighter cover away from the Midlands. In any case, I can't send you in until 11 Group calls for you."

Brushed Thelma's Fears Aside

Bader's wife, Thelma, who was now living in a house in Coltishall near the squadron station, was anxious about the renewed and savage air fighting. She tried to curb his eagerness, suggesting that there would be plenty of battle to come and that he was not immortal.

"Don't be damn silly, darling," said her husband. "I've got armour plate behind me, tin legs underneath and an engine in front. How the hell can they get me?"

It was hard to argue with him.

On the morning of August 30 the phone rang in dispersals and Ops said: "242 Squadron take off immediately for Duxford!" Duxford lay south—not far from London—towards the battle. Bader grabbed the phone and demanded: "What's happening?"

Ops said they didn't know, but a bit of a battle was going on down south and 242 Squadron might have to do readiness near the scene, just in case. Whooping wildly, the pilots were running for the Hurricanes. Bader, ablaze, bellowing to rouse the ground crews, moved as fast as his legs would go to his Hurricane parked near the door. He was the first man strapped in and within two minutes was leading them off in an impatient, thundering stream.

"Seventy Bandits Approaching"

By 10 a.m. the Hurricanes stood scattered round a corner of the familiar Duxford field and Bader and his men waited in a restless knot nearby. And waited. From Ops they heard that the Luftwaffe was storming over southern England in waves, but still 11 Group sent out no call. Lunch-time came—and went. Bader sat by the phone in the dispersal hut, cold pipe clenched between his teeth, seething. At a quarter to five the phone rang.

Ops said crisply: "242 Squadron scramble! Angels fifteen. North Weald." He slammed the phone down and was outside the door, yelling.

As the wheels, still spinning, folded into the wings and the rest of the pack thundered behind him, Bader flicked the radio switch. "Laycock Red Leader calling Steersman. Am airborne."

A cool and measured voice answered: "Hallo, Laycock Red Leader. Steersman answering. Vector one-nine-zero. Buster [full throttle]. Seventy plus bandits approaching North

Some of Douglas Bader's 242 Squadron fighter

Weald." He recognized the voice of Wing Commander Woodhall, Duxford station commander.

Behind him the squadron slid into battle station, four vics line astern, and climbed steeply south through haze. Holding a map on his thigh, Bader saw that 190 degrees led over North Weald fighter station. The sun hung in the orb of the sky over the starboard wing and he knew what he would do if he were the German leader: come in from the sun! From the south-west.

This was no damn good. He wanted to be up-sun himself. Disregarding controller's orders, he swung thirty degrees west. Might miss the enemy! One usually obeyed a controller. Hell, he'd made up his mind the way he thought was right, and now the brain was cool and clear, and only the blood ran hot. Soon, please God, the guns, too. At nine thousand feet he was boring steeply up over the haze in steady air, eyes probing to the left, seeing nothing.

"B-b-blue Leader calling Laycock Leader. Th-th-three aircraft three o'clock below." It was Powell-Sheddon, of the stuttering voice.

Over the rim of the cockpit he saw three dots well to the beam. They might be anything. "Blue section investigate," Bader called.

Powell-Sheddon peeled off, followed by his two satellites. Nine left, against seventy plus.

South-west of North Weald a glint, then another, and in seconds a mass of little dots grew there; too many to be British. The skin tingled all over as the blood pulsed. He shoved his throttle forward and called tersely: "Enemy aircraft ten o'clock level."

Now the dots looked like a swarm of bees

pilots: (from left to right) Crowley-Milling, Tamblyn, Turner, Saville (on the Hurricane wing), Campbell, McKnight, Bader, Ball, Homer and Brown

droning steadily north-east for North Weald, stepped up from a vanguard at 12,000 feet. The bombers were in tidy lines of four and six abreast, and he was counting the lines: fourteen lines—and above and behind them about thirty more aeroplanes that looked like Me.110 fighters. Above them still more. Over a hundred. The Hurricanes were above the main swarm now, swinging down on them from the south-west out of the sun, a good spot to start a fight if the 110s had not been above. The main swarm were Dorniers. Must go for them. Too bad about the Messerschmitts above. Have to take the risk.

He called: "Green section take on the top lot." Christie led his vic of three up and away to the right.

Dived Into The Bomber Pack

Bader again: "Red and yellow sections, line astern, line astern." From a thousand feet above he dived on the swarm of seventy followed by the last five Hurricanes, and now among the Dorniers saw more 110 fighters. A gust of rage shook him. "The swine—flying over here like that. It's *our* sky." On the spur of the moment a demonic compulsion took him to dive right into the middle of that smug formation and break it up. He aimed his nose into the middle.

Black crosses! Glinting plastic! Wings that spread and grew hugely, filling the windscreen. He was on them and suddenly the drilled lines burst in mad turns left and right out of the sights, out of the way. He swept under and up, swinging right. A ripple was running through the great herd, and then it was splitting, scattering.

A glimpse of Willie McKnight hunting left, Crowley-Milling lunging ahead, and three 110s wheeling in front. The last was too slow. Just behind, he thumbed the button and almost instantly, as the bullets squirted, pieces flew off the 110. Fire blossomed at the wing roots, spurting into long flames as the Messerschmitt heeled over.

The blood was fired, too, nerve and muscle taut and the roused brain racing like an engine in the capsule of the cockpit which bore him through the torrent. Above to the right another 110 was slowly curling out of a stall-turn and he reefed his nose up after it, closing fast. A hundred yards behind, he fired for three seconds; the 110 rocked fore and aft, and he fired again. Pieces flew off the wing near the starboard engine. Flames suddenly burst out and the 110 was going down blazing.

Full of the fire of the kill, he looked for others and exultation chilled; in the little mirror above his eyes a 110 poked its nose above the rudder, slanting in. He steep-turned hard and over his shoulder saw the 110 heeling after; white streaks of tracer flickering from its nose passed his tail. The Hurricane turned faster and the 110 dived and vanished under his wing. Bader spiralled steeply after, saw the 110 well below, streaking east, and dived and chased it, but the 110 was going for home like a bat out of hell and it was hopeless.

He was startled to see that he was down to six thousand feet, sweating and dry-mouthed, breathing hard as though he had just run in a race. He pulled steeply up, back to the fight—but the fight was over. The sky that had been so full was empty and he wondered again—as all fighter pilots wondered—that a mass of raging aircraft could vanish in seconds.

A lone Hurricane appeared on the left, and he ruddered towards it, formating alongside till he saw the big scythe, dripping blood, painted on its side. Willie McKnight! Grinning under his oxygen mask, he raised two fingers to indicate that he had got a couple. McKnight nodded vigorously and then three of his fingers were spread above the cockpit rim. Three!

Home—And In High Spirits

Round the field Hurricanes were coming in Hard to see how many. He swept down to the grass and Woodhall, the station commander, was standing beside the Hurricane when he climbed out. "Did you get among 'em?"

The old exuberance bubbled up as he told the story. All the Hurricanes were back, the pilots coming in from dispersals hanging on the sides of the flight-trucks, cheering and yelling to each other. "Did you get one?" Drunk on high spirits they babbled out their versions and bit by bit the battle was pieced together: a Dornier had crashed into a greenhouse, another into a field full of derelict cars, a 110 had dived into a reservoir.

They totted up the score—twelve confirmed and several more damaged. The rest had dived and fled home. Not a single bullet hole in any of the Hurricanes.

And not a bomb on North Weald.

Later Bader explained to Woodhall why he

Wing Commander Woodhall. He guided the battle from the Ops room and—like Bader—knew when to turn a blind eye to the rule book

Bader's naval pilots Cork and Gardner. He loved to inject R.A.F lore into them, and thought it a "jolly good giggle" when Cork won an air force D.F.C.

had disobeyed his radio instructions. "From all the combat reports I've seen the Huns seem to be using the sun. After all, they always did. In the mornings they've usually come in from the south-east with the sun behind them, and in the afternoons they swing round to the west or south-west and come out of the sun again."

He expounded his views with the usual vigour. "It's no good trying to protect North Weald or other targets over the top of them. In the morning they must be protected from way down south-east and in the afternoon from south-west. We've got to catch them before they get to their target, not when they've got there and are dropping their bombs. If the controller will tell us in time where they are—direction and height—we'll sort out the tactics in the air, get up-sun ourselves and beat hell out of them before they can bomb."

"I'm with you," Woodhall said. "I think you're dead right. It certainly worked today and from now on I'll be on the other end of the radio every time you're up, so don't worry. I'll tell you your patrol line and then keep telling you where the Jerries are so you can use your own judgment." He added grimly: "We may be sticking our necks out a bit."

"Someone's got to," Bader said. "No one knows much about this game yet and we've got to learn."

He Was No Stuffed Shirt

From the start he had the comfort of feeling able to talk frankly to Woodhall. The two had plenty in common, though Woodhall was older, a first World War veteran, grey-haired and stocky with a lined and leathery face. A monocle gleamed in one eye but he was no stuffed shirt, being known as a "character" who could turn a glassy blind eye to the book of rules at the right time. That day his voice had come over the radio with unruffled poise.

Leigh-Mallory flew over to Coltishall that evening full of congratulations and Bader took his chance to broach a new idea: "As a matter of fact, sir, if we'd had more aircraft we could have knocked down a lot more. Other squadrons in the group have been standing by like us. Would it be possible for us all to take off together?"

"How would you handle them in the air?" Leigh-Mallory sounded interested.

"It'd be easy to lead, say, three squadrons," Bader said. "I haven't worked it out, sir, but surely the whole object of flying in formation is to get a number of aeroplanes in the same place together. If I'd had three squadrons this afternoon it would have been just as easy to get them to the enemy, and we'd have been three times more powerful. That's all you want, sir. Get as many as possible into the fight together. Once it starts there's nothing more the leader can do.

"I think the thing is to dive into these bomber formations and break them up, and the quicker the better. Then it'll be a free-for-all, and the fighters will have the advantage of eight guns against an isolated gun or two."

"Sounds splendid," Leigh-Mallory said.

"I think it would save our casualties, too," Bader went on. "One squadron against a formation of a hundred or more is pretty sticky. We were lucky today because we were above and up-sun."

Leigh-Mallory said he would think about it.

The Germans Were Elusive

Next day 242 Squadron, flushed with success, were scrambled three times to patrol North London again, but each time was an anti-climax—no trace of the enemy. It seemed that 242 were only sent up at lunch-time or tea-time to give 11 Group a spell when no German aircraft were about.

It was frustrating, but in the evening Bader felt better when Leigh-Mallory phoned and said: "Tomorrow I want you to try this large formation scheme of yours. We've got 19 and 310 Squadrons at Duxford. Take your chaps there and see how you get on leading the whole three squadrons."

With great warmth for Leigh-Mallory's decisive ways, Bader spent three days practising take-offs with the three squadrons and leading them in the air. Nineteen Squadron flew the faster Spitfires, so he had them flying above and behind as top cover, with the 310 Hurricanes staggered behind 242 on the same level. In those three days he also led 242 on several more patrols round North London, but again saw no trace of the enemy. Exasperating!

Once Powell-Sheddon thought he saw something. They heard his voice on the radio: "Th-th-thousands on the left!"

A silence as the eyes darted across, and then a cold and scornful voice: "Barrage balloons, you clot!"

At Group's request he wrote a report on how to break up an enemy formation. "They can be dispersed by shock tactics of the leading section fighters diving into their midst as close as possible . . . risk of collision is there, but the fact remains that the effect of a near collision makes German pilots take violent evasive action which, of course, immediately breaks up any tight formation. Apart from giving the fighters their chance, it also ruins the enemy's chance of accurate bombing."

By September 5 he had the "scramble" time down to a little over three minutes in getting his thirty-six fighters off the ground. Leigh-Mallory flew down to watch them practise, and said: "All right, Bader. Next time Eleven Group calls on you, take your whole team."

Next day, for the first time Goering turned the Luftwaffe on London. Bader, on readiness with his squadrons, heard the reports coming through and was stamping with impatience. All day he railed at Group, at Ops and the imperturbable Woodhall, demanding to be let off the leash, but it was not until a quarter to five that Ops rang and electrified him by saying "Scramble!"

In the air Woodhall's calm voice: "Hallo, Douglas. There's some trade heading in over the coast. Orbit North Weald. Angels ten. If they come your way you can go for them."

They climbed fast and hard, and Bader disobeyed instructions again, going on past 10,000 feet to 15,000 in his eagerness to be well on top of anything they sighted. Nearing North Weald, he heard Woodhall again: "Hallo, Douglas. Seventy plus crossing the Thames east of London, heading north."

Thundered Into The Sky

Far to the south-east a cluster of black dots stained the sky. Flak bursts! That meant only one thing. As he searched the sky, McKnight called sharply: "Bandits, ten o'clock above."

He caught the glint and in seconds saw the dots. Damn! A good five thousand feet above. Throttle hard on, he kept climbing and the Hurricane was vibrating and thundering, clawing for height on full power. Soon he saw there about seventy Dorniers and 110s mixed up. And more glints above—Me. 109s. Behind him the squadrons were trailing, unable to keep up; though the Spitfires were faster they did not climb so well. Only Dickie Cork was anywhere near. It was going to be sticky. Attacking in a straggle

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BHOWANI JUNCTION

by JOHN MASTERS

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM LITTLE

She was rude, wilful, domineering. She ruled her son, and she tried to rule me. I wondered: Could I marry a man who would put up with all this?

AT BHOWANI, a British officer had been found dead—with a sign, "Quit India!" round his neck. In the India of 1946, with the British occupation coming to an end, such things were not uncommon. But Lieutenant Macaulay's death was not the work of terrorists. It was I who had killed him—though someone else had put the notice on his body.

My name is Victoria Jones: I am an Anglo-Indian—there is Indian blood in my veins. At that time I was still in the army, working for Colonel Savage, whose Gurkha battalion was at Bhowani Junction, guarding the railway against sabotage. Macaulay, his adjutant, had tried to make violent love to me: in a panic, I had picked up a metal bar and hit him.

Afterwards I had taken refuge at the home of Ranjit Kasel, a Sikh railway clerk who was humbly in love with me. That put me in a difficult position. Ranjit's mother, Sirdarni Kasel, was said to be sheltering followers of K. P. Roy, a notorious terrorist. At her house I had seen a wanted man called Ghanshyam. It was he who had hidden Macaulay's body. I was pretty sure he *was* K. P. Roy. . . .

My family, and Anglo-Indian friends such as Patrick Taylor—a railway official whom I had nearly married—hated me for befriending poor Ranjit; they despised "wogs," and they could not see how futile their snobbery would be when the British had gone. . . . I felt an outcast. I was working for the army—yet I sympathized with the Indians, so much so that I now wore native saris instead of army shirts. Colonel Savage taunted me about them: he was a young, hard, sardonic man who attracted and repelled me.

Could I marry Ranjit? Could I really go through with it? I wanted love, not timid devotion. . . . But for the moment I had something much worse to worry about. As soon as Macaulay's body was found, I was interrogated by Mr. Lanson, deputy superintendent of police. He did not directly accuse me of killing Macaulay. He said that the murderer would be treated leniently—if he or she would uncover K. P. Roy's organization. Meanwhile, I was forbidden to leave Bhowani.

PART 5

The Betrothal

I ARRIVED at the Sirdarni's house that evening determined to settle two things—K. P. Roy, and my engagement. The Sirdarni and Ranjit were in the big room. I waited for a few minutes of general conversation to pass by, meaning then to say what I wanted to say. But when I was ready, the Sirdarni said to Ranjit: "Our other guests will be here in half an hour, and I have forgotten to make pakhoras. Please

For once, I had to answer her back. "You are talking nonsense, Beji," I said. It was just as if I'd hit her. Ranjit stared at me, amazed

go and buy some. Don't hurry. I have things to talk over with Miss Jones."

When Ranjit had left the room the Sirdarni said: "You looked as if you wanted to say something to me, my child. What is it?"

We were talking in Hindustani. I said: "Beji, I heard from Mr. Lanson this morning that you have been telling people that Ranjit and I are betrothed."

The Sirdarni nodded, and said firmly: "I have. You are the girl for him."

"But—but—" I said, suddenly feeling helpless, "I don't know that he's the man for me."

"Any man will do for you," she said. "Now don't be angry. I mean that you need a man—why, you are quite old—but you are the sort of woman who will remain herself whatever the man is like. Ranjit needs such a woman. You are stronger than he is, and you will be able to make him into whatever you wish."

"I don't wish to make him into anything," I said. I tried to explain that I thought the man I married would make me into something.

"That is a Western idea," the Sirdarni said impatiently. "In India we women make our men, whether we act from behind the screen or whether we come out into the open, as I have. You have become an Indian—by what you did in the yards that night, by the sari you are wearing—yet you have no Indian father and mother with whom I can make arrangements. So I am making them myself. It is all settled."

I said: "I don't know whether I——"

She interrupted me, poking her hard finger into my knee: "Didn't you tell Ranjit the other day that you wanted the decision taken out of your hands? I've done it."

I thought, Ranjit must tell her everything. He must have told her all that we did and said there by the river. Now the Sirdarni had made the decision for me, as she had said she would, and it still didn't feel right. But I ought not to think or feel. I ought just to accept.

The Sirdarni said: "The marriage will take place one month from now."

"In what religion?" I heard myself asking.

She said: "I am an atheist. Religion is the opiate of the people. Ranjit talks lately of returning to Sikhism. I think he is a fool, but I will not force him one way or the other. It will not matter soon. Someone as clever and as well-educated as you cannot believe all that nonsense, and *you* are all that will matter. You have got a hundred years of wrongs to avenge. You can put some fire into Ranjit. Don't think all will be well when the British go—it won't. I'll show you things, tell you things I've seen, that prove you cannot trust any of them—Gandhi, Jinnah, Nehru, Patel, Rajagopalachari, none of them. But we will have plenty of time to talk after the marriage, when Ranjit is out at work."

It took me a long time to realize what she had said.

Then I said: "You don't want us to live here, Beji?"

She smiled grimly at me. "Oh yes, I do," she said. "Certainly. It is the Indian custom. You will get used to it."

I said: "But I think I must have a home of my own."

She said: "Don't talk about it now, my child. Remember that Ranjit is my only son."

I wanted to press the point. Many Anglo-Indians lived with their mothers-in-law, but I didn't want to. Then I remembered I had something else even more important to say.

I said, speaking carefully: "Beji, the British keep asking me now whether I know K. P. Roy. They showed me a picture of him. It was very like Ghanshyam, your guest who was here."

She said: "The man who hid the traces of the murder you committed? What did you tell them?" She was looking at me calmly, as though she had heard all about this before. She probably had. Ranjit would have told her.

I said: "I told them I hadn't seen him. But, Beji, is Ghanshyam really K. P. Roy? I must know."

She said, "Why?"

I said: "It's worrying me. Lanson and Govindaswami say he's a Communist agitator and a murderer. They say he wrecked the troop train the other day, and stole the explosives, and burned down Maslan, and caused the riot of the processions. If he's as bad as that, ought we to hide him? Oughtn't we to tell the police everything we know or suspect?"

"Ghanshyam is K. P. Roy's brother," the Sirdarni said calmly, "and he's not doing anything except help hurry the British out of the country, as the necessary first step to further progress. We have been searched. Ghanshyam was not in, and now he has left. About those things that K. P. Roy is supposed to have done—you must use your brain, child. Why should that black baboon Govindaswami tell you the truth? Why should Lanson? They're just trying to drive a wedge between us—between the Moslems and the Hindus, between different wings of the freedom movement. Tell them nothing!"

I heard voices on the stairs, and a moment later two middle-aged Indian couples entered the room. There were many questions I still wanted to ask, but for the moment my time had run out. Soon everyone was talking Hindi, and Ranjit had returned with the pakhoras—small, salty cakes—and a sweet shy girl was congratulating me on my betrothal and in the same breath asking me to describe what European girls wore as underclothes.

For the moment I had to give in. The Sirdarni had won—for the moment. But I knew I could never allow matters to rest as they were. Ghanshyam *might* be K. P. Roy's brother; I still thought he was Roy himself. Ranjit was a clean, fine man, but he was standing neck deep in foul water. I felt the stench of it in my nostrils as I tried to get closer to him. I was becoming obsessed, nervous and torn by knowledge or guilt. I began to pray for something to happen that would force me to act.

On the following Sunday, which was June 2, I went to the Sirdarni's house again. Ranjit came down to the Old Lines for me on his bicycle at about ten o'clock in the morning.

On the way up the Pike I asked: "What's on? Surely your mother's not having a political meeting at half past ten today?"

"She just wanted to see you," Ranjit said. "So did I."

The Sirdarni's pressure on me was increasing. She was trying to make me realize my place as an Indian daughter-in-law, and I began to feel obstinate.

The Sirdarni was sitting, European style, in a wobbly chair and staring out of the window. She greeted me and then did not move or say anything for fifteen minutes. At last she looked up at us where we were standing a little to one side and talking quietly. Without apology she interrupted us: "Victoria, what is the latest

I dropped my head on his shoulder, and whispered, "Kiss me, Ranjit." He glanced away, agitated. "Oh, Victoria, I can't," he said. "It is shameful and insulting"

Colonel Savage leaned out of the window. "Taylor! Put that pistol away!" he roared. But his voice was drowned by the noise outside. Patrick fired

about the mutinies? Is there really no spark left in either Karachi or Bombay?"

Her strong hands were folded in her lap, the white sari lay across her shoulder. She looked grim and untidy that morning, but very powerful, as usual. I told her the mutinies were over. About fifteen ringleaders were under arrest; the other sailors were doing duty.

The Sirdarni said angrily: "There is a great opportunity wasted! The German revolution of nineteen-eighteen began in their navy. The sailors played a big part in the glorious Russian revolution. And now we've wasted ours, let the fire go out, because of the treachery of Indian lickspittles. Look at that street!" She jerked her head in an extraordinarily male gesture. "Look at it! The fools walk up and down as though they hadn't just thrown away their best chance. The policeman's on his platform at the corner. He ought to be ten feet above it, hanging from Mir Khan's second-floor balcony!"

Ranjit said: "Mother, can we please not talk about politics this morning? I would like——"

She said: "Not talk politics, son? How often have I to tell you that politics isn't something you talk? It's not even something you do. It's something you live. That's the trouble with the Nehrus and Gandhis you admire so much. If they'd had one ounce of real fire in their livers, this street would be running in blood, and Govindaswami would have died where he was born—on a dungheap."

RANJIT said: "You really ought not to speak of the Mahatma like that, Mother. You will——"

She said: "The Mahatma! He's a tool of the mill-owners, a cunning, ambitious little lawyer. He's going to sell the country to the millionaires when the British go—*if* they go—and then you had better look for real trouble. The people must rise then, and blood must flow in rivers."

I steadied myself and said: "I think you are talking nonsense, Beji."

She blinked as though I had hit her. I felt Ranjit staring at me in fearful astonishment. At last she said: "Nonsense? That is a very rude thing to say to your mother."

"I do not mean to be rude," I said obstinately. "But I had to tell you that I don't agree with you, in case you thought I did. Can't we talk about something else?"

"Such as what?" the Sirdarni said, again folding her hands in her lap. I did not think she was really angry, just astonished and perhaps a little pleased. She had no use for weaklings, now perhaps she was thinking I would be even more useful than she had thought. She obviously never doubted that she would master me in the end.

I said: "Let's talk about something nice and unimportant, like—well, have you seen the new picture at the cantonment cinema, *The Road to* somewhere or other with Bing Crosby, Bob Hope and Dorothy Lamour?" It was a silly thing to say, perhaps, but it was the first thing that came into my head.

"I have not seen the picture," the Sirdarni

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Wearing a slalom ski, David Nations demonstrates its technique to club members

Nations assures novices: "Keep your arms straight, and it's

Britain's newest sportsmen go skiing—on water

by JACK ATACK

David Nations began it when he brought back the split-second sport from the south of France. Now there's a waiting list of would-be enthusiasts—and a shortage of lakes

AS HE LED THE opening procession of the Festival of Britain water pageant on the Thames in August, 1951, David Nations, Britain's leading water skier, saw a mass of debris sweeping towards him on the current. Firmly gripping the British flag he was carrying, Nations swerved right and left to avoid the planks and branches. Behind him several other skiers and the helmsmen of hydroplanes, speedboats and motorboats floundered and capsized. The procession seemed doomed.

"But David stuck to the course," recalls a friend. "Brushing aside the wood with the wave from his skis, he managed to clear a path for the other boats, and the procession went on its way. Nations had saved the pageant from a disastrous beginning."

Water skiing requires a sharp eye and quick reflexes. "When you hit the water at thirty miles an hour," says Nations, "it's like hitting a brick wall. But usually water skiing is straightforward and anybody can learn."

A thirty-five year old Londoner, Nations has taken part in regattas, displays, festivals and carnivals throughout England. He has also travelled to France, Italy, Belgium, Austria and Switzerland to take part in international matches and demonstrations, and last year captained the British team at the European Water Ski Championships held in Poertschach, Austria. He came fifteenth out of thirty-two in the slalom event, out-pointing both the Belgian and French champions. His team was placed fourteenth out of thirty-six in jumping and ninth out of thirty-six in figures.

Water skiing is Britain's newest sport. There are more than four hundred people waiting to join the British Water Ski Club, which has affiliations with organizations in Europe and America. "The only thing stopping more people in Britain from becoming waterborne," says Nations, "is lack of water stretches."

Because most inland water stretches in Britain are small, Nations and his colleagues have to use accurate timing. On one lake the towing boat had to turn sharply to avoid hitting the bank. Another stretch was so small that skiers had to whirl around and sit down on the river edge to stop themselves. Nations is quite happy about such restrictions. "They add to the thrills," he says.

Water skiing first caught Nations's eye in 1947 when he watched international champions at Juan-les-Pins in the south of France. Impressed, he started taking lessons and planned his next holiday at Juan. The world championships held there in 1949 convinced him that the sport would have a wide appeal in Britain, and he spent the next three years searching for suitable stretches of water.

"I was about to give up," Nations says, "when Ruislip Council gave us permission to demonstrate on the Lido." It was a cold October day and Nations, with his team mates, dazzled council representatives with a display of double skiing, figures, slalom and jumping. At the end of the afternoon the skiers, dressed only in swim trunks, were blue with cold. "If you're that keen," a member of the Lido committee told him, "you had better go ahead."

The British Water Ski Club was formed and became affiliated to the International Water Ski Union at Geneva which governs the sport in Europe and the Mediterranean. Today, Nations spends much of his time looking for more water stretches and trying to convince the public that the sport is not as wet as it looks. "Water skiers," he says, "wear sweaters and waterproof vests and, except for their legs which catch the spray, seldom get wet."

Though water skiing is easy to learn, it takes

JOHN BULL PHOTOGRAPHS BY ARTHUR WHITTINGTON

easy." People from six to sixty want to learn

beginners years to acquire the balance and grace of an expert. The first stages can be painful. After Nations cleared a six-foot jump at thirty-five miles an hour several years ago, the front binding of his right ski snapped. The ski kicked up and he fell on to the tip, breaking two ribs. Although he spent the next six weeks in a plaster cast it did not dampen his enthusiasm for the sport. "I sat on the shore and watched other people ski."

Today, Nations's life is built around the sport. "David eats, talks and sleeps water skiing," says a friend. There are three main events—slalom, figures and jumping. In the slalom, the competitor weaves between eight buoys on a single wide ski—one foot placed behind the other. In jumping he takes off from a six-foot long slope at thirty miles an hour and his leap is measured from the point where his feet—not the skis—land. The figures event is the most spectacular and the most hazardous of all. It includes 360-degree turns on water and in mid-air, skiing with one foot while in a swan position, skiing backwards, and skiing without holding on to the towrope.

While the sport calls for speed and daring, its chief requirement is split-second timing. "If something goes wrong," says Nations, "seconds may count in preventing disaster." When he was skiing about a mile off the French coast in 1951 an underwater swimmer surfaced ten yards in front of him. Nations was dazzled by sun and spray. "The fin of my slalom ski—a sharp, tapered blade of aluminium—was heading straight at the man," he says. "When I saw him, I kicked it off instantly, hit the water at thirty-five miles an hour and somersaulted three times before I sank."

Sunbather Had Narrow Escape

On another occasion, Nations was gliding to the shore and about to cast off the towrope when a sunbather jumped up from behind a low-lying rock between himself and the boat. Nations quickly let go of the rope. "If I hadn't," he says, "it might have taken his head off. As it was, he got a terrific welt across his neck."

In America, water skiing was considered a show spectacle before it became a sport. Today, international tournaments are held throughout the world: the record speed is fifty-one miles an hour for a measured mile, and skiers have leaped up to ninety-seven feet through the air. While it has become widely known as a sport, it is still a branch of showmanship. This presents skiers with some of their lighter moments and onlookers with some of their heartiest laughs.

Nations was steering the boat at a burlesque pageant with a "bride," "bridegroom" and "parson" on water skis behind. After the ceremony had ended the bride and bridegroom turned to kiss, but their skis interlocked and they fell forward, ducking the parson, who was in full evening dress.

"Water skiing is most spectacular when skiers streak through the night with coloured flares," says Nations. But skiing by night can be highly dangerous. Nations was leading a procession of skiers in a night pageant at San Remo, Italy, four years ago when one of his skis hit a piece of driftwood. "I turned a somersault and went under," he recalls. "When I came up, I could feel the thrash of the second boat's propeller at my feet. I swam quickly to the left, but the third boat was coming directly at me. I swam to the right again and shouted—but the roar of the engines drowned my voice. One boat came so close that I could feel the breeze on my face as it passed."

Spectators Braved The Rain

According to water skiers, there is no other sport to compare with it. To get on to the water they sometimes wait in the rain and cold for hours after travelling forty miles or more. One competitor travelled six hundred miles from Scotland for a meeting. More than five thousand people stood in the rain at Walsall to watch a demonstration two seasons ago, and last year, when Nations and other members of his club gave a display at the Thames Motor Cruising Club's annual regatta, a hundred people from six to sixty asked for instruction. "Twenty of them," says Nations, "skied at their first attempt."

Once Nations risked a jail sentence to help a colleague. With five others, he was travelling to an open tournament at Allasio, in Italy, when a woman member of the party found that she had left her passport behind. Near the Italian border, Nations pulled up in a side road, opened the boot of the car and ordered her to climb in. He covered her with skis, ropes and beach towels. At the frontier post he said the back of the car was filled with ski equipment—a half truth—and drove on. "After the tournament," he says, "we smuggled her out of Italy the same way."

In An Emergency—Sit Down

Water skiing requires expert teamwork between the skier and helmsman. Skiers start in a sitting position, let the first fifty-five feet of rope run out slowly, and shout to the helmsman when the last ten feet is reached. The helmsman then opens the throttle full and the jolt pulls the skier to his feet. "After that—provided you keep your arms out straight—it's easy," says Nations. To stop, skiers normally cast off the towrope and glide to a halt. A crash landing is made by sitting suddenly in the water.

The season for water skiing lasts from April to October. Nations paid £500 for a boat, £15 for skis and fifteen shillings for manila rope. "The initial expenditure is high. After that, however, there is only petrol to pay for. Skis last a long time and only need varnishing and lacquering twice a year."

Faulty timing can lead to costly accidents. When one skier kicked off a ski to slalom on a turn, Nations, who was steering the boat, ran into it, smashed the ski in two and shredded the propeller. On another occasion a skier jumped from a take-off point too soon and, to avoid him, Nations had to run straight into a group of rocks. "Fortunately, the boat was strong enough to take the shock. Afterwards we found a chip out of the rock." THE END

Even at speed, Nations seldom gets wet. "But if you hit the water, it's like a brick wall"

More people drink

WATNEY'S

than any other

BROWN

ALE

HAVE YOU TRIED IT?

REACH FOR THE SKY

Continued from page 18

from below with 109s on top. No chance to break them up. No time for tactics.

He closed fast and the flanks of the Dorniers were darting by. A quick burst, but the Dornier had only flashed across his sights. Turning under the tails of the rear section, he saw streams of tracer streaking at him from the rear gunners. He lifted his nose and a 110 floated in his sights. A quick squirt. He fired again and his eyes caught the yellow spinner of a 109 in his mirror. A second to spare for one more quick burst at the 110—triumph as smoke streamed from it, and then a horrible jarring shock as cannon shells slammed into the Hurricane and jolted it like a pneumatic drill.

Instinctively he broke hard left as fear stabbed him, horrible paralysing fright like an ice-block in the chest. Crashes and chaos and the cockpit suddenly full of reeking smoke. For a moment he was frozen rigid, then thought and movement switched on—he was on fire and going down!

His hands shot up, grabbed the twin handles of the cockpit hood and hauled it back. Must get out! Straps first! He yanked the pin of his straps and suddenly the cockpit was clear of smoke—sucked out by the noisy slip-stream. No fire. Must have been only cordite smoke. No panic now. He was all right, but furious at having been frightened he slammed the hood shut and looked back, hunted and sweating. No Messerschmitt behind.

Exploded In Field

The Hurricane was in a screaming, diving turn and he eased her out. A 110 was sliding below and he peeled off in chase. It seemed to move towards him as he overhauled it and fired three sharp bursts. The 110 fell away on one wing, nosed straight down, and seconds later dived into a field by a railway line and exploded.

He became aware that his Hurricane was crabbing awkwardly, left wing dropping, and he had the stick hard starboard to keep her level. With a little shock, he saw out on the wing that the left aileron was tattered and hanging almost off and there were holes on the right of the cockpit. His Sidcot flying-suit was gashed across the right hip, spilling chewing-gum out of the pocket. Near thing! For the first time in his life he had known the sickness of fear.

After nursing the aircraft back to Coltishall he taxied straight in to the maintenance hangar and climbed out, yelling brusquely: "West, I want this aircraft ready again in half an hour."

West, who understood his C.O., said soothingly but doggedly: "More like a week, I'm afraid, sir. Apart from the aileron you've got four bullets that I can see through the petrol tank. You're lucky it's self-sealing, but it still stinks of petrol. Shells have also smashed your turn and bank, rev counter and undercart quadrant. There are probably other things, too. Sorry, sir, but I won't let it fly."

Plane Was In Shreds

Bader's anger was cut short. Cork was taxi-ing in and got out painfully, eyes screwed up and face bleeding. Shreds were hanging all over his Hurricane and the cockpit was a mess where 109 shells had smashed it. Glass splinters from shattered instruments, reflector sight and windscreen had hit him in the face and eyes. He said he was fine but Bader sent him away in the ambulance. West marked another aircraft as unflyable. Three other damaged Hurricanes landed.

One by one the pilots reported. Turner had got another and had also seen Bader's first 110 burst into flames and crash. McKnight had also got two; Ball, one; Tamblyn, one—and others. Jubilantly they added the score. Eleven confirmed. But the other two squadrons had been so far behind that they had virtually missed the fight.

Next day the A.O.C. flew in. Bader said: "It didn't come off yesterday, sir. We were too low. If we'd been higher we could really have got among them and the Spitfires could have covered us from the 109s." Angry that the squadrons were kept so long on the ground, he added: "R.D.F. [Radio Direction Finding—soon to be developed into radar] get these plots of bombers building up over France. If only we could get off earlier we could be on top and ready for them. Why can't we do that, sir?"

"The Germans might want us to," Leigh-Mallory suggested. "If they can decoy our fighters up they can hold back for an hour till the fighters have to go down to refuel again and then send the bombers in."

"It's worth taking that chance, sir."

"So it might be," said Leigh-Mallory, "but it's 11 Group's decision and they feel they should wait till the Germans start moving in. That doesn't give them much chance to scramble big formations then, but your score yesterday seems to justify the experiment, so carry on with the three squadrons. After all, it was only the first try. We'll try to get you off earlier in future so you can get your height. Let's see what happens then."

"Keep Your Hair On!"

Next morning to readiness at Duxford again with three squadrons for another day of impatient waiting, and about five o'clock Sector Ops reported that R.D.F. was showing a build-up of enemy aircraft over the Pas de Calais.

Bader rang Woodhall. "For heaven's sake let's get off in time and catch them on the way in."

"Keep your hair on, Douglas," Woodhall said. "I'm prodding them as hard as I can."

Soon Woodhall rang back. "Bombers heading in. Scramble fast as you can!"

And then in the air: "Hallo, Douglas. Looks like they're heading for London. Will you patrol between North Weald and Hornchurch, angels twenty?"

("Will you patrol. . . ?" Woodhall left the initiative to him.)

Bader looked at the afternoon sun and thought: I know damn well they'll swing west and come out of the sun. He forgot North Weald to Hornchurch and climbed his three squadrons south-west over the fringe of London; ignored the "angels twenty," too, climbing till they were specks at 22,000 feet over the reservoirs at Staines, still climbing.

Bombers Head For London

And then, a few miles in front, the sky glinted and around the spot like a film coming into focus the dots appeared; two great swarms of them cutting across fast in front, heading for London. About the same height. (Just as well he'd ignored "North Weald-Hornchurch" . . . and the "angels," too.) Looked like sixty-odd in each bunch.

He wheeled to cut them off, still climbing, swinging higher now and between the swarms, with the sun behind him. He called 19 Squadron to climb higher and cover the rear. Then to the rest: "Line astern, line astern. We're going through the middle."

In the corner of his eye he saw a scatter of fighters dart out of the sun, and he thought with a surge of joy that more friendly fighters had arrived: only a few pilots behind saw that they were 109s and wheeled back to fight them off.

Diving now on the first swarm, he saw that they were mixed Dorniers and 110s. A Dornier was slightly in front leading, and he plunged for it, firing almost point-blank for two seconds, then diving past and under, pulling up again, but the leading Dornier was falling over on its back, smoke pouring from both engines.

Other bombers above! He kept zooming up like a dolphin, squirting at them, seeing flashes as the armour-piercing incendiary bullets hit. His mind was racing again in the deadly confusion of high-speed battle.

To the side another Dornier was diving, trailing fire and smoke, and a voice shouted in his ears, "F-f-f-flamer!" Powell-Sheddon had

scored. Black twisting bombs were suddenly falling on Bader as the bombers jettisoned over the fields and turned south-east to flee. He steep-turned out of the way of the bombs, seeing that only about twenty of the bombers still clustered in ragged formation, the rest straggling over the sky, hunted by darting fighters.

Half a mile ahead was a Dornier; he chased it and was soon pulling it back. Five hundred yards now. Two Hurricanes suddenly dived in from each side in front of him converging on the Dornier. Damn! Daylight robbery! Swiftly the two fighters swept together behind the bomber, and he suddenly screamed into his microphone: "Look out! You're going to collide."

A moment later they did. The left wing of the Hurricane on the right folded and ripped away, and it spun instantly; the other Hurricane, crabbing crazily on, smashed into the Dornier's tail and the air was full of flying fragments. The two broken aircraft wrenched apart and spun, followed by torn pieces, twisting and floating down. It was over in seconds.

Back at Duxford two of the pilots, Brimble and Bush, said they saw Bader's first Dornier go down in flames and only one of the crew had baled out. Bush had also got one. McKnight had collected a couple more . . . and others, too, Eric Ball, Powell-Sheddon, Turner, Tamblyn had scored . . . eleven confirmed to 242 Squadron.

But Sclanders and Lonsdale were missing.

The other two squadrons added a further nine enemy destroyed, but two pilots of 310 Squadron had not returned.

Later Lonsdale phoned. He had been shot down, had baled out and landed in a tree in the grounds of a girls' school, hurting his leg, and could not get down. Uncomfortable, he had roosted in the branches for half an hour while the girls stood underneath giggling until the local constable came and brought him down a ladder.

Sclanders was dead.

High Street Reunion

Then Gordon Sinclair, of 310 Squadron, phoned from Caterham on the other side of London. He had been in one of the Hurricanes that collided and he had managed to bale out. Bader grabbed the phone. "How are you, Gordon?"

"Utterly amazed, sir," Sinclair said. "D'you know, I lobbed slap in Caterham High Street and I was picking my parachute out of the gutter when a chap walked up, and said: 'Hallo, Gordon, old boy. What are you doing here?' And I'm damned if it wasn't a chap I was at school with."

The pilot of the other Hurricane, a Czech, did not bale out.

But the mathematics were good—twenty enemy destroyed for the loss of four Hurricanes and two pilots. In September, 1940, only the mathematics mattered.

Still Bader was not satisfied. He flew to 12 Group H.Q., at Hucknall, and told Leigh-Mallory: "Sir, if we'd only had *more* fighters we could have hacked the Huns down in scores."

"I was going to talk to you about that," Leigh-Mallory said. "If I gave you two more squadrons, could you handle them?"

Five squadrons. Sixty plus fighters! Even Bader was startled. He collected himself: "Yes, sir. When a fight starts we'd break up anyway. I'd have the Spitfires on top to hold off any 109s, and a mass of Hurricanes below with nothing to worry about on their tails could crucify a pack of bombers."

"I thought of that, too," said Leigh-Mallory.

Worth The Risk

He seemed to understand so well that Bader took the plunge and told him about disobeying controller's instructions, not to clear himself but, with a proselytizing zeal, to expound his ideas.

"The formation leaders might make a mistake and miss the enemy altogether," suggested Leigh-Mallory.

"The controllers are already doing that, sir. They can't help it. R.D.F. is inaccurate about height."

"You think the advantages outweigh the risks?"

"Yes, sir, I do." Bader was emphatic.

"So do I," Leigh-Mallory said. "I'll put this up to the right people and meantime you might as well carry on with your theory. It seems to work."

There was more to the conversation than those extracts, of course. It lasted over an hour, and Leigh-Mallory did not accept all that Bader said without reservations, but he recognized the square-jawed man with the glowing eyes and manner as an individualist with a direct approach that impatiently threw out minor details and concentrated on the elementals. With equal zeal he could be abysmally wrong or brilliantly right on any problem. In this battle, where the right answers had to be won by bitter experience, the A.O.C. thought Bader was right.

He added that he was also spreading Bader's gospel of breaking up enemy formations by diving into their midst. Bader had done it the first time on the spur of a moment of anger—from that moment was born a new tactical method that was against all the teachings. Leigh-Mallory called 242 the "disintegration squadron."

Up before dawn next morning for Duxford. And the morning after. Several more patrols to relieve 11 Group but nothing seen. Everyone complained of boredom but that was only the fashionable, elaborately casual pose.

During the past fortnight, 231 pilots had been killed or badly wounded, and 495 Hurricanes and Spitfires destroyed or badly damaged (mostly 11 Group).

Among the survivors fear and tension lay under the surface like taut sinews in a naked body, but always decently covered with understatement: protection against showing emotion, either fear or unseemly elation at

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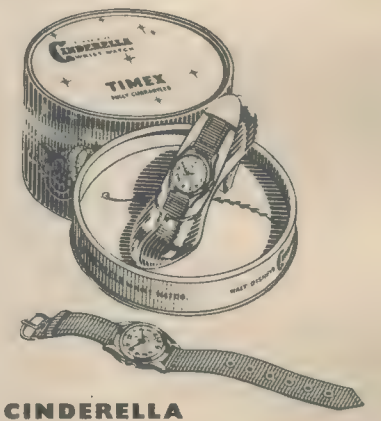

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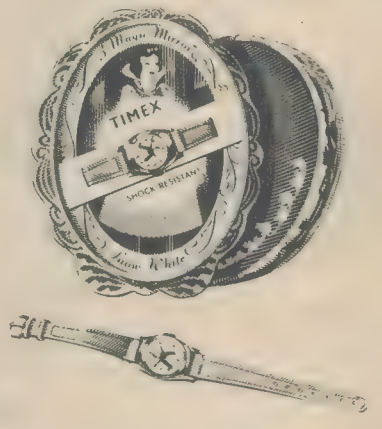

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being the only instrument between Hitler and the conquest of Britain.

Life was a brutal contrast. Off duty they could joke in a pub and sleep between sheets, to wake in the morning to a new world of hunters and hunted, sitting in deck chairs on the grass, waiting by the aeroplanes with needles in the stomach. Other men who knew they themselves would still be alive at night brought them sandwiches for lunch and coffee, but any moment the phone might go and they would have to drop the cup: half an hour later they might be trapped in a burning aeroplane crashing from 20,000 feet.

Only Bader had no pose. He swashbuckled around as though he were about to step into the ring and knock out Joe Louis with one punch and without even bothering to change. His exuberance, the way he utterly ignored the danger, was contagious and infected every other pilot. Morale was extraordinary.

About this time he designed the squadron emblem—a figure of Hitler being kicked in the breeches by a flying-boot labelled 242. West cut a metal template of it and the ground crews painted it on the noses of all the Hurricanes. The ground crews were working devotedly day and night to keep the aircraft flying.

Champagne Party

Off duty, Bader did not mind anyone letting off steam violently. Peter Macdonald, the adjutant, helped by turning on a champagne party for the pilots one night. Leigh-Mallory came over and entered into the spirit of things by forsaking his dignity and doing a Highland Fling on a mess table. It all ended hilariously with a crowd of young men squirming on the floor in a mock scuffle, punctuated by occasional sharp yelps when one of Bader's flailing tin legs hit someone in ribs or head.

Leigh-Mallory seemed to be on duty all the time; he had a weakness for cold baths and midnight conferences and was often working till 3 a.m., usually rising again at 6.30 a.m. He had been known to spend twenty-seven hours in the operations room, and then go and talk to pilots on windy tarmacs when they came back from a flight. After that he would probably take them into the mess, stand drinks all round and listen to any complaints or suggestions.

Bader slept in the mess at Coltishall but used to go and see Thelma every evening to let her know he was all right. On September 13 he was having dinner with her at the house in Coltishall when the phone rang for him in the hall. Leigh-Mallory's voice greeted him courteously: "Oh, hallo, Bader. I wanted to be the first to congratulate you. You've just been awarded the D.S.O."

A great glow suffused him, and then, in the emotion of the moment, he could think of nothing to say until at last he managed an automatic, "Thank you, sir."

"And another thing," Leigh-Mallory added a few moments later. The next morning 302 Squadron (Hurricanes) and 611 (Spitfires) would also be flying into Duxford. Would Bader be good enough to include them in his formation, which was now to be called the "12 Group Wing."

Bader managed to convey that he would be delighted to.

The Eternal Woman

It is good form to be offhand about decorations, but nothing can dim stirring inner pride. One always feels it and no one more fiercely than Bader, who was living so wholly for the fight. And for the consummation of himself. It was too fierce a moment to be offhand about, or even to mention. He sat holding it to himself for an hour before mentioning it quietly to a flight lieutenant known as Poggi, who was also in the house.

Poggi went delightedly to Thelma and said: "Isn't this wonderful about Douglas's D.S.O.?"

Thelma said: "What are you talking about, Poggi?" Then she saw Douglas's face and realized something had happened. There was the usual scene of excitement, affection and congratulations, capped by the general laugh when Thelma, eternal woman, said: "Well, I *do* think you might have told *me* first."

Next morning, September 14, the two extra squadrons as promised flew into Duxford, and twice that day Bader led the armed pack of sixty fighters into the air to patrol North London. They saw no enemy; the Luftwaffe was coiling for the next leap and only one bomber sneaked through the cloud to bomb Buckingham Palace at the cost of its own destruction. Eric Ball's D.F.C. came through, the first decoration Bader had recommended.

In the still, cool dawn of September 15 the five squadrons of 12 Group Wing stood in groups about Duxford and its satellite field, waiting. Broken cloud scattered thickly over the sky offering good cover to attackers, and R.D.F. began reporting plots of enemy aircraft rising over the fields of Northern France. In clumps the plots crept across the screens towards England, and soon the shield of 11 Group squadrons round London was savaging them over Kent. Then the R.D.F. showed another wave of bombers heading for London.

Woodhall scrambled the 12 Group Wing five minutes later. In the air, his measured voice came through to Bader: "Hallo, Douglas. About forty bandits heading for London. Will you patrol Canterbury-Gravesend?"

"O.K., Woodie."

Canterbury-Gravesend! That was fine. The morning sun still lay in the south-east, and if the bombers were going for London he knew where to look for them. The three Hurricane squadrons climbed steeply in vics line astern with the Spitfires a little to the left, a little above. To the right London lay under the cloud that had thickened. Twelve thousand feet . . . sixteen thousand . . . twenty thousand . . . they kept climbing high over the cloud.

Nearing angels 23 he saw black puffs staining the sky almost straight ahead, and, somewhat below and ahead of the flak, almost instantly saw the enemy, drilled black flies sliding towards the naked city. About five miles away . . . forty odd . . . Ju. 88s and Dorniers.

Swinging right, he nosed down to come in diving. God, it was beautiful, the sun right behind them, the bombers below. He looked for the 109s behind and above and could hardly believe it . . . not a sign. Unescorted bombers. The heart leaped and the blood sang and the mind ran clear and sharp.

High out of a veil of cloud near the sun, little grey sharks were darting. He called urgently:

"Sandy, watch those 109s."

"O.K., chum, I can see them." Sandy Lane, leader of 19 Squadron, was already wheeling the Spitfires up into the fighters.

"Break 'em up," yelled Bader and swept, firing, through the front rank of the bombers. He pulled up and veered behind a big Dornier turning away left, fired and fired again. A flash burst behind the Dornier's starboard engine, and flame and black smoke spewed from it. Suddenly he was nearly ramming it and broke off. Hell, aircraft of broken formations darting everywhere in the blurred and flashing confusion. In front—four hundred yards away—another Dornier seeking cloud cover between the "cu-nims." He was catching it rapidly, when his eye caught a Spitfire diving steeply above and just ahead.

In Burning Embrace

It happened fast. The Spitfire pilot clearly did not see the bomber under the long cowling; he dived straight into the middle of it, and the Dornier, in a burst of flame, split and wrapped its broken wings round the fighter. Tumbling fragments glinted above the crumpled mass as the two aircraft fell in burning embrace.

Sweating, Bader looked for others. A Dornier was spinning down to one side, dragging a plume of flame and smoke, and as he watched a man jumped out of it. His parachute opened instantly—too soon—the canopy spread into the blaze and shrivelled to nothingness in a sheet of flame. The man dropped like a stone, trailing the cords like a tattered banner.

Back at Duxford, Eric Ball was missing. They refuelled, reloaded, and by 11.45 were on readiness again. A phone call from Eric Ball. His Hurricane had been shot down in flames but he had baled out and would be back.

Two hours later the wing was scrambled again to patrol North Weald, and Bader led them through a gap in the clouds. This time the battle rôles were reversed—the Spitfires got among the bombers while the Hurricanes tangled with the 109s. But that was merely a quirk of the battle; the main point was that in the two mass fights that day the pilots of the five squadrons of the wing claimed fifty-two enemy destroyed and a further eight probables. Twelve Group Wing had fully justified itself.

That was the greatest day of the battle. Odd, looking back, that it seemed no different from any other day. None of the pilots thought much about it at the time; it was just another episode in the confused and wearying tension that had so recently and so completely enveloped them. No time to think, only to dress at dawn and sit waiting, hung in a limbo of queasy time, lazy small talk on the outside and taut nerves inside, waiting for the ring of the phone that sent them into battle again.

"A Wonderful Show"

Leigh-Mallory phoned that night: "Douglas"—using his Christian name for the first time—"what a wonderful show today! It's absolutely clear your big formations are paying dividends."

Bader said: "Thank you very much, sir, but we had a sticky time on the second trip. They scrambled us too late again and the Germans were a long way above when we spotted them. It was a bad spot to attack. If we'd only been one squadron we'd probably

Consider your verdict

by

RUSSELL SCOTT, LL.B.

MRS. STREET was very proud of the elm in her back garden. She had watched it grow through the years, until now it spread grandly over her garden and the one next door.

One spring, Mr. Strange became her new neighbour and, after he had settled in, he took a walk round his garden. The soil, he found, was poor. And the grass was thin where the elm grew. He shuddered to think of the leaf-raking the autumn would bring.

Mr. Strange marched up to Mrs. Street's door. "Do you think you could arrange for your elm to be pruned?" he asked. "It shouldn't overhang my garden, you know. As a matter of fact, it might be a good idea to have it down altogether."

Mrs. Street was aghast. "Prune that lovely tree?" she exclaimed. "Cut it down? Never. Think yourself lucky to have its shade in summer. And if you so much as touch it, there will be trouble."

Strange made his disgruntled way home, and thought the matter over for several days. Mrs. Street did nothing, so he wrote her a formal letter, asking her to lop the overhanging branches within a month. Otherwise, he said, he would do it himself.

Early one Saturday morning, one month later, he jumped the fence, climbed the tree, and cut down all the branches overhanging his garden. He was precise, and sawed them off level with the fence. Then he chopped up the branches, which had fallen into his garden, for firewood.

Mrs. Street took one look at her lopsided tree later that morning and sued Strange for trespassing on her land, damaging her property, and stealing the wood. "I ask for heavy damages," she told the court.

"The overhanging tree was a nuisance," retorted Strange, "and it interfered with my enjoyment of my property. All I did was to enter her garden to protect my own rights."

The branches which overhung his land were his property in any case, he argued, and Mrs. Street had no claim on him.

What is your verdict? For the legal position, turn to page 28

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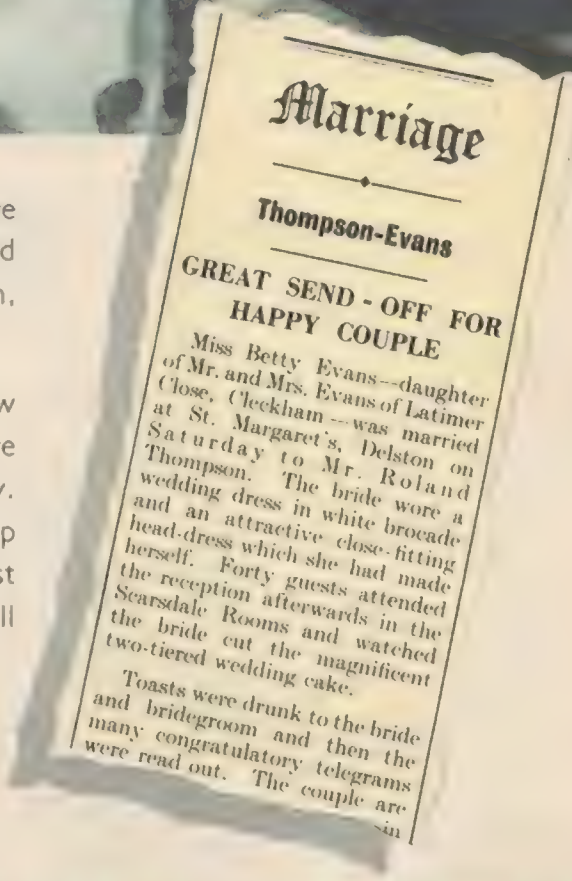

Marriage

Thompson-Evans

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Toasts were drunk to the bride and bridegroom and then the many congratulatory telegrams were read out. The couple are

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have been chopped up by the 109s, but if they'd let us off ten minutes earlier we could have been just in the right spot to cope, and probably got a lot more of them.

"It doesn't make sense, sir," (warming to his theme). "As soon as they start building up their formations over Calais we should get into the air and go south. *We* should be the ones to attack them first while Eleven Group get off and get height."

"Well, you know I feel somewhat the same as you on this point," Leigh-Mallory said. "At the same time don't forget we have to keep reserves available. It's Eleven Group's job to make that decision and it isn't easy for them. But the wing score today won't go unnoticed—I'll see to that myself—and I fancy it will encourage them to call for you earlier."

"I hope they do, sir," Bader answered feelingly—then enthusiastic again: "D'you know, sir, what I'd really like to do is shoot down a complete raid so that not one of the Huns gets back."

The A.O.C. laughed. "Bloodthirsty, aren't you! If you chaps keep on the way you're going, you'll probably get your chance."

The chance came on the eighteenth.

Led By Flack Bursts

About 4.30 in the afternoon the five squadrons were scrambled, and over the radio Woodhall said that forty plus bandits were heading for London from the south-east. Once again the flak-bursts led them. First Bader saw the black puffs away to the south-east and in moments picked up the bombers. Two little swarms, about forty in all, were flying about 16,000 feet over a bend of the Thames near Gravesend. More British aeroplanes than enemy! It was unbelievable!

As the fighters circled to close in behind, he saw with fierce joy that they were all bombers—Ju. 88s and Dorniers. Not a sign of any 109s. The bombers were four thousand feet below, just where he would have wanted them. Bader, at the head of the wing, dived, aiming for the Ju. 88s in the front rank of the bombers, and the ravenous pack streamed after him.

A Junkers filled his sights and as he fired from a hundred yards astern its port engine gushed smoke and it fell away to the left. Pulling up into the thick of plunging, criss-crossing aeroplanes, he fired briefly at a couple that flashed across his sights and vanished again; then in quick succession nearly collided with two more bombers.

A Hurricane screamed towards him at a crazy angle; he yanked the stick over to get out of the way, hit someone's slipstream and his Hurricane shuddered and flicked into a spin. He got her straight and level again after losing about three thousand feet, and saw above that the split-up bombers had turned for home, hounded by the fighters.

Trapped In Mid-air

To the south-east, lower and away from the ruck, a Dornier was sneaking east and he chased it. No escape for the slower and cumbersome Dornier; he closed for the kill, holding his fire till he was barely fifty yards away, and then jabbed the button.

As the bullets still squirted, the enemy gunner lost his nerve and jumped. His awkward shape swept back out of the glasshouse and his parachute, streaming open at the same moment, hooked and tangled over one of the twin fins on the tail, pulling him up like a whipcrack. As he dangled helplessly on the shrouds, the Dornier, obviously out of control, started soaring into steep zooms, hanging a moment at the top and then falling into dives, building speed and zooming again.

Bader sheered off to one side, watching, amazed and fascinated. Two more men suddenly tumbled out of the glasshouse and the white silk of their parachutes blossomed below. The empty Dornier kept losing more height, still trailing the wretched gunner. With sudden pity, Bader dived and fired at him to put him out of his misery, but as far as he could see, missed. The Dornier fell into a deeper dive and he left it.

For once the sky above was not empty . . . many white flowers of parachutes were floating down.

At dispersals a mob of hilarious pilots clustered round the intelligence officer, most of them claiming victims. Turner was describing how he saw a German's opening parachute caught in the hatch as he jumped out of a burning Ju. 88. The rest of the crew were trying to release it. . . . "I could damn nearly hear the poor guy on the end howling, 'For God's sake, don't tear it!'" They got him free and jumped out themselves just before the 88 went into the sea.

Queued Up To Shoot

Bader summed it up prosaically in his log book: "London patrol. Contact." And alongside it a laconic note: "Wing destroyed 30 plus 6 probables plus 2 damaged. 242 got 11. Personal score: 1 Ju. 88, 1 Do. 17. No casualties in squadron or wing."

In his formal combat report he wrote: "To every German there seemed to be about three British fighters queueing up for a squirt. A little dangerous from the collision point of view but a most satisfactory state of affairs."

That time he rang Leigh-Mallory himself, describing the fight like a fisherman telling his favourite story and mourned about the few that had got away.

Goering started to chop and change his tactics more, sometimes sending over squads of 109s in advance of the bombers to draw the fighters up and exhaust their petrol (something like the decoy idea that Leigh-Mallory had mentioned to Bader earlier). It was the beginning of the end of the daylight bombing, but no one knew that as yet, for the aura of ruthless power still clung to the Germans. At best it seemed a lull. Bombers still occasionally battered through the defences to London, but the spearhead on that target was blunted: more and more they went for the south-east fringes of England and away from the 12 Group area.

He Was Famous Now

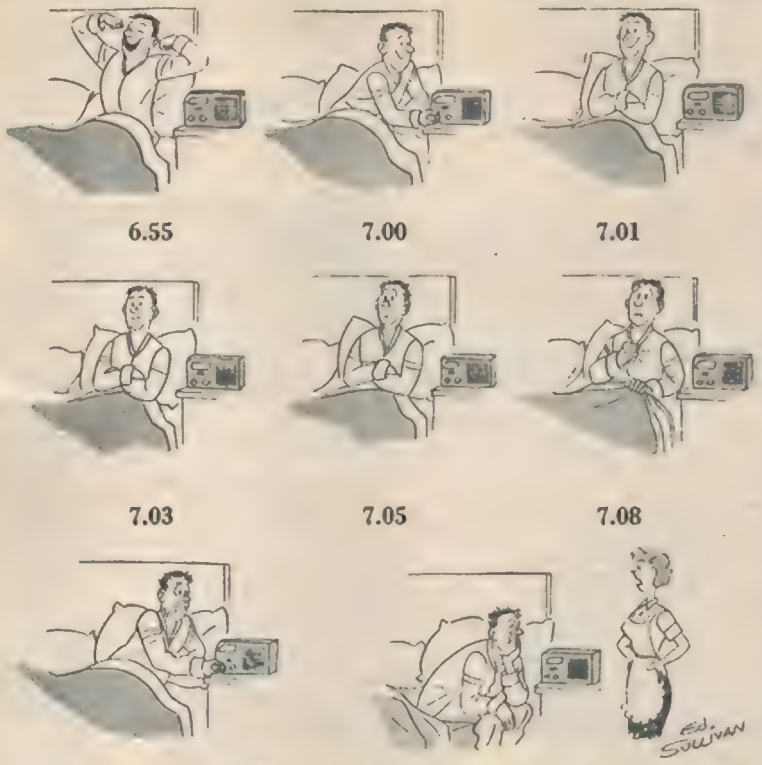
Bader now had a new grievance—they never ran into the enemy any more. His personal score was eleven confirmed, but that only whetted his zest rather than satiated it. Besides, some others had twenty or more! He was famous now, which would have been good for placating the little demon inside him if he had not been too busy to notice the publicity much. Bader himself lived in the little world of the wing, the battle and the tactics. He was aware of the high morale of his pilots but hardly realized how much of it was due to himself: they looked on him as a superman and would have followed him into the middle of a thousand 109s.

Every time the wing took off, the masterful voice started firing comments over the radio with such assurance that pilots could not help feeling confident. His remarks, by design or accident, so often took the nervous sting out of the business ahead.

On August 20, for instance, a lanky, nineteen-year-old boy called Cockie

Consider your verdict

IN the case on page 26 the court agreed that a property owner need not tolerate overhanging trees. As Mrs. Street did not remove or "abate" the nuisance, Strange had a right to do it himself after giving notice—entering her garden if necessary. But the tree grew in Mrs. Street's soil, and was hers, with all its timber. Strange should have offered to return the branches to her. He was not liable for trespass, nor for chopping the tree—but he had to pay Mrs. Street the value of the wood he kept. (*This is the probable verdict, based on actual cases.*)



"Be nice if you woke up cheerful for a change"

Dundas flew with the wing for the first time. Exactly a month earlier Dundas had been with 616 Squadron at Kenley when they had been scrambled and run into a flock of 109s over Kent. It was Dundas's first fight and a 109 had "jumped" him, shot his controls to bits and put bullets in his engine and glycol tank. Smoke and glycol fumes filled the cockpit and he could not get his hood open. He spun out of control from 12,000 feet till finally he was able to jettison the hood and baled out at eight hundred feet, breaking his collar-bone at the same time.

Now only two of the old pilots were left in the squadron, and Dundas, still shaken, shoulder still weak, was going back for more. They were scrambled in a great hurry and, being young and human, he had "the twitch," dry mouth, butterflies in the stomach and thumping heart.

Then in his ears as they climbed came the voice of that odd, legless leader: "Hey, Woodie, I'm supposed to be playing squash with Peters in an hour's time. Ring him up, will you, and tell him I won't be back till later."

(Dear God. Legless! Playing squash!)

Woodhall's voice: "Never mind that now, Douglas. Vector one-nine-zero. Orbit North Weald. Angels twenty."

"Oh, go on, Woodie. Ring him up now."

"Haven't got time, Douglas. There's a plot on the board heading for the coast."

"Well, can't you make time? You're sitting in front of a row of phones. Pick up one and ring the chap."

"All right. All right," said the philosophical Woodhall. "For the sake of peace and quiet I will. Now would you mind getting on with the war."

Dundas flew on with lifted heart, like all the others.

"Jolly Good Giggle"

On September 24 a D.F.C. came through for Dickie Cork, and Bader was as pleased as Cork, not only because he had recommended it but because it was, as far as he knew, the only D.F.C. ever awarded to a "Nautic" (the equivalent naval decoration is the D.S.C.—Distinguished Service Cross).

Cutting across the navy's bows with a D.F.C. for Cork was a "jolly good giggle." He never stopped trying to lure Cork from the customs of the navy and inject R.A.F. lore and outlook into him. That, too, was a "good frolic." He had Cork to the point now where he had naval buttons on the starboard side of his tunic, but down the port side, reading from top to bottom, an R.A.F. button, a Polish Air Force button (which was silver in colour, not even gilded), an R.C.A.F. button and a Czech button.

The abortive patrols went on till September 27. Then, at about noon that day, the wing tangled with about thirty 109s milling round Dover. In that fight the wing got twelve, half of them to 242 Squadron. One Spitfire and two Hurricanes did not come back, and one of them was Homer, of 242, who had already won a D.F.C. on bombers and was having his first fight in Hurricanes.

No Time For Grief

Bader hated losing pilots, taking it, illogically, as some sort of reflection on himself. He felt that every man was under *his* care. None of his emotions was half-hearted and under the aggressive exterior lay impulsive sentiment that could be deeply stirred. Yet the impact of a loss was always cushioned by the hope of a phone call. No call came from Homer, who was dead, but there was no time for grief.

By tea-time the wing were patrolling London again. No incident, but waiting for the squadron at Coltishall that evening was an Air Ministry signal announcing the joyous news in prosaic official terms that Turner and Stansfeld were awarded D.F.C.s and Willie McKnight a bar to his D.F.C.

From that day the tide of the battle clearly ebbed. Now the bombers rarely appeared, but in their place came packs of 109s darting for London and other targets with small bombs hanging on makeshift bomb-racks under their slim bellies. Compared to the sound and fury of a few weeks earlier, the new attacks were forlorn: they so often bombed blindly, and the number of bombs was not much more than a trickle.

Soon, even the 109 sneak raiders were dwindling and not till the second week in October did Bader get near one. As he led the wing over the estuary, his radio died and he fiddled with it but it stayed mute, and at last angrily he slid the cockpit lid open, dropped back, signalled by hand to Eric Ball to take over the wing, and then peeled off for base. It was nearly dusk and as he dropped to about seven thousand feet near North Weald his radio suddenly popped and crackled to life again.

A few seconds later he heard Woodhall calling to him: "Douglas, are you receiving me? Are you receiving me, Douglas? Enemy fighters attacking North Weald with bombs. Do you

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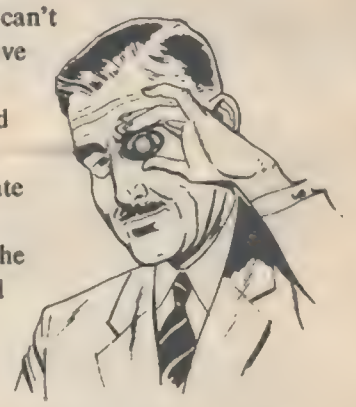

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hear? Do you hear, Douglas? Please acknowledge."

He called back: "Already there, Woodie," (which startled Woodhall). "I'm alone, so tell the others."

At that moment a 109 shot out of the haze, climbing almost vertically, and levelled off about four hundred yards in front. He was obviously not looking behind, and Bader, slamming the throttle on, practically licked his lips. It was a real squadron leader's shot, a piece of cake on a golden platter.

He was overhauling the unwary 109 when another Hurricane shot out of the haze in front like a jack-in-the-box and levelled off about a hundred yards behind the 109—right in Bader's path. Before he had time to be irritated, the leading Hurricane fired one brisk burst; a great flash sparked on the cockpit of the 109, the plastic hood flew off and it turned on its back, and the pilot fell out as it dropped into its last dive.

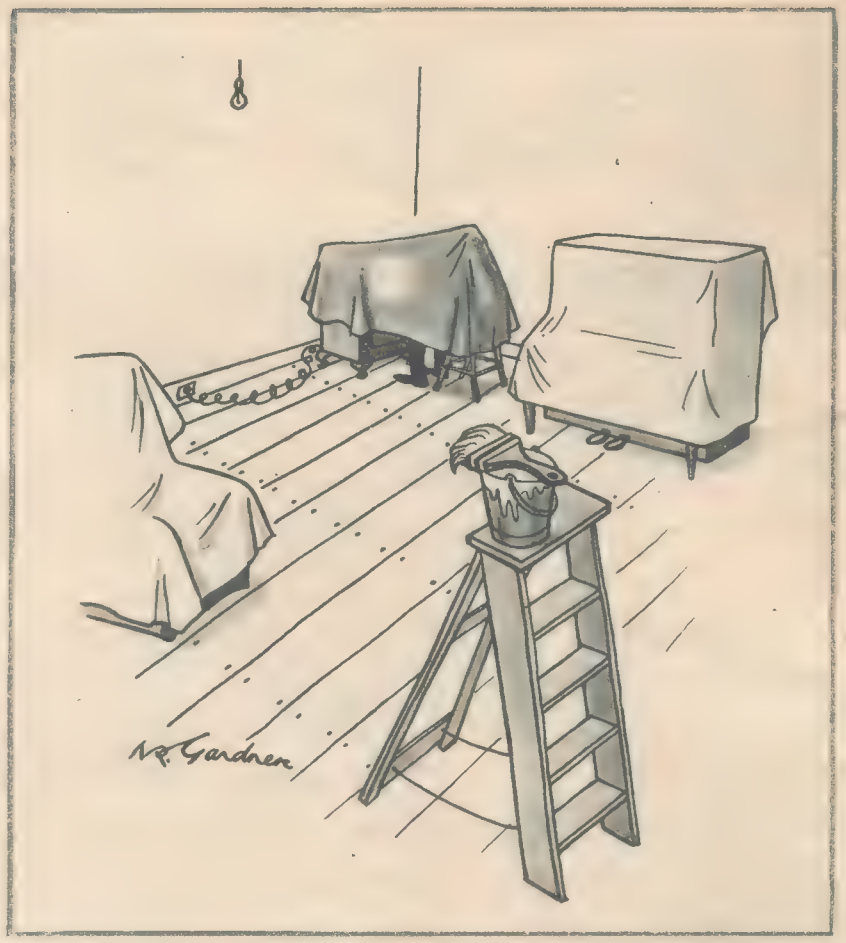
Bader flew up alongside the other Hurricane and recognized an old friend, "Butch" Barton. Barton turned and must have guessed what had happened because he lifted two rude fingers over the side of the cockpit.

Out Like A Lamb

The theatrical Goering provided no good "curtain" for the daylight battles. The Luftwaffe came in like a lion and went out like a lamb, accompanied by a few hesitant and diminishing squeaks from the muted brass. The Germans had been the slaves of time; they had to break Fighter Command to invade Britain before winter and they had failed. On October 12, Hitler postponed the invasion till the following spring.

Some people in Britain still waited for the next assaults, and the fact that Hitler, the invincible, had suffered his first (and resounding) defeat, did not make its full impact until Winston Churchill's phrase "The Battle of Britain" took firmer root along with those other famous words: "Never in the field of human conflict was so much owed by so many to so few." Then the country rejoiced, but Fighter Command had lost 915 aircraft and 733 pilots killed or wounded.

Bader, perhaps alone, felt some sorrow that the brawling was over. The Duxford wing had shot down 152 enemy for the loss of thirty pilots and rather more aircraft. But now the dawn rendezvous of his five squadrons had petered out and the days were more predictable. The squadron went



back to normal readiness at Coltishall.

Convoy patrols again! Life was dull. A few 109s still flew over Kent, but they were reserved for the Spitfires. Bader felt aggrieved, though occasionally he persuaded the A.O.C. to let him take the squadron down over the estuary. No luck, though.

There were compensations. As ever when Mars leaves his arms on the field for home, other welcoming arms await with gratitude in the fire-warmed homes and pubs. At the Bell, 242's favourite pub in Norwich, they were grieved to find that the landlord, a special friend, was in bed in a plaster casing. An incendiary had fallen on the pub and he had climbed on to the burning roof to fight it, had fallen through and broken his back. *En masse* the pilots stripped off his pyjama jacket and wrote messages and signed their names on the plaster case.

As autumn gusts whirled the last yellowed leaves across the aerodrome, the embattled nation realized that not even a madman could invade now. In a sturdy people danger deferred is more a stimulant than a cancer, and within the rampart of the sea confidence grew with the defences.

For some time Thelma had been losing her fear for Douglas, and now inside her was an odd feeling that he was invincible. Quite illogical. Quite firm. In her pride lay no regret that he was back in the Air Force. Still, she was a practical young woman and, therefore, glad that the fighting was finished for a while.

NEXT WEEK: Bader tempts fate—and crashes in mid-air over France. "Reach For The Sky" is published as a book by Collins at 16s.

BHOWANI JUNCTION

Continued from page 21

said. "I never go to the cantonment cinema, as you know, and even here in the city I never see any film made in England or America. It is wrong to put money into the pockets of the capitalists. They use it to make guns and hire mercenaries like Govindaswami and your Colonel Savage and his Gurkhas to suppress freedom everywhere."

"Have you ever been to Paris?" I said. "I'd love to go."

She said: "I have not. I have never left India. The French are just as bad as the British, if not worse. They——"

It was like a rather bad-tempered game—I trying to change the subject, she trying to show that politics could not be avoided.

I said: "Wouldn't you like to go to Paris, Ranjit? I've heard it's so gay and free there, and there are beautiful flowers everywhere in the spring. Wouldn't it be wonderful if someone gave us a lakh of rupees, a hundred thousand, as a wedding present so that we could fly to Paris for a week?"

"It would be wonderful," Ranjit said, smiling nervously. "But I do not think anyone will give us a lakh of rupees."

The Sirdarni said: "If they did, you should use it to increase political awareness among——" and at the same time I said: "I would love to see the clothes they really wear in Paris. I've often wondered if the women are as smart as they're supposed to be."

The Sirdarni said: "Fashions in saris do not change. The money those people spend on one dress—what they call a cheap dress—would feed a whole Indian family for ten years. *Ten years!*"

I stood up, feeling hot behind the eyes. I would burst into tears or lose my temper or do both at once if I did not go away. I said: "I think I must go home now, Beji."

SHE got up quickly, and came over to me. She put her arm round my shoulder, and said: "Don't go. Don't be angry, Victoria. It is my fault. I am a headstrong, rude old woman. You can teach me something while I teach you something. I have arranged the marriage for July first."

Ranjit said: "But, Mother, I told you I had to see the guru first."

She said: "I've seen the old fool. I've told him everything he wanted to know. He pretended he wasn't keen on marrying you when he knew that neither of you were practising Sikhs, but he agreed in the end. Now come to your room, Victoria, and tell me what I should do to it to have it all ready for you." She began to guide me across the room.

I felt weak from the continuous effort of forcing myself to contradict and fight her. I didn't really feel strong enough to keep on with the struggle now, but I had to.

I stopped moving, and said: "Beji, I can't live here. It isn't that I don't want to live with you, but I do want a house of my own, and I must have one."

She still held her arm round my shoulder. She said slowly: "You refuse to live here with me? People will say Ranjit has thrown me out—you know that?"

I wished Ranjit would say something; but perhaps that was too much to ask. He would feel quite as horrified as his mother did—perhaps more so, because he was more conventional. I didn't think the Sirdarni really cared what people might say. She was using that as a weapon against me. She wanted to be with Ranjit always and keep her hands on him, who could always be moulded, and on me, who would be the easiest instrument for her to mould with.

I said: "I'm sorry, but I know I must have my own home."

The Sirdarni said: "You and Ranjit go out and have a nice walk. Talk about it. You will eat here?"

I agreed thankfully. I would have agreed to anything that got me out of there quickly.

Ranjit went with me, and we cycled off through the city. I was thinking of the Sirdarni and what on earth I was to do, so I did not notice until we were nearly out of the city that everything had been very quiet. The people walked up and down, as the Sirdarni had pointed out, but there were few of them, and those few walked as though they had some definite job. They did not stroll. I knew the "feel" of Bhowani and looked round for other

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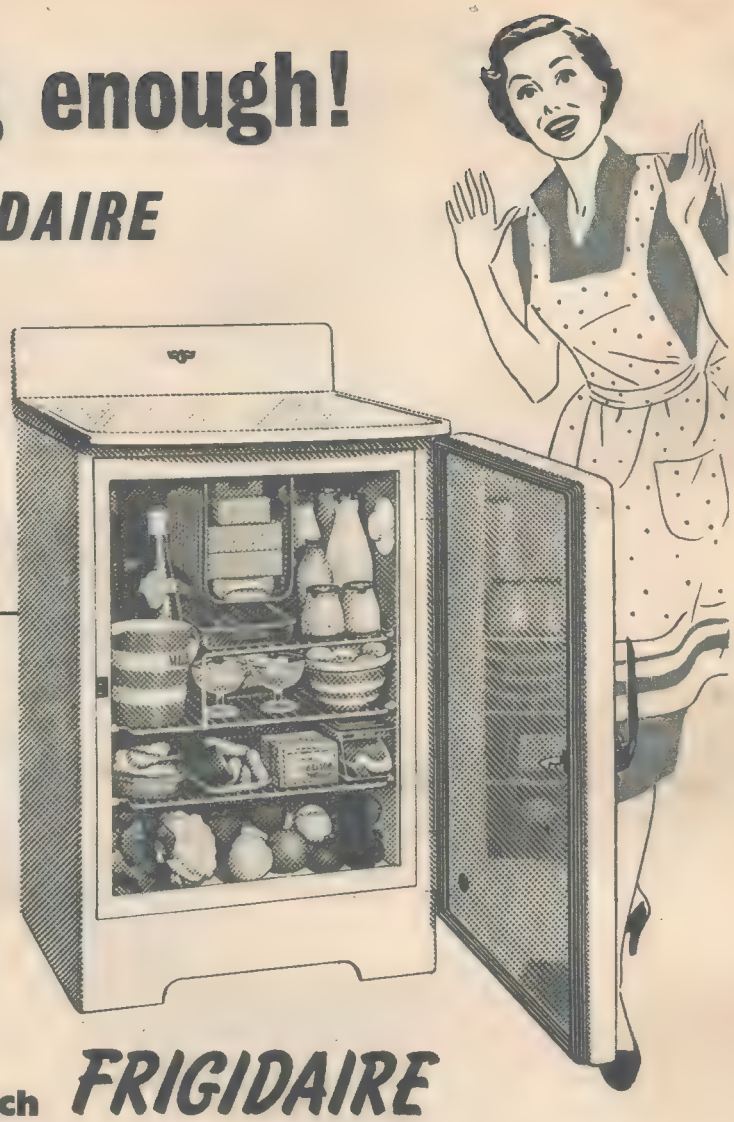

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signs. Soon I saw a shopkeeper barring his store against the street.

"What's happening this time?" I asked Ranjit.

He hadn't noticed anything, and I had to explain what I meant. He said: "I don't know. I think you may be imagining it, Victoria. The shopkeeper is probably going away for a few days. Where are we going?"

I had been leading the way toward the same place on the river bank where we had gone before. I said: "To the river. I want to talk again, Ranjit. Only this time we must get things settled."

We went to the same place, but now the sun was high and the ground yellow, dry and glaring hot. We wheeled our bicycles a little back over the grass and sat under one of the big dark trees. From there we could see the river on one side and the parade ground of Kabul Lines on the other.

I put my hand on Ranjit's, and said: "Ranjit, do you love me?"

He said slowly: "I worship you, I think, Victoria."

I squeezed his hand hard, demanding: "Yes, but do you *love* me?"

However close I got to Ranjit there was always a thing like a very delicate gauze screen or curtain hanging down between us. I had asked him if he loved me. I had never asked any man that question before, because it hadn't been necessary.

But—Ranjit? What was the sign in an Indian, what was the language? It might be nothing to do with Indians in general; it might just be Ranjit, which made it even more difficult.

I said: "Kiss me, Ranjit."

I closed my eyes and dropped my head against his shoulder. I suppose I turned my face up to him, but I don't remember.

Ranjit said agitatedly: "Oh, dear Victoria, I can't! We don't do it like that. We think it is shameful, insulting. Not here. Look!"

I opened my eyes and saw a man walking along a footpath a hundred yards away. I said: "I don't care about him. *We* think it's insulting for a man not to kiss a girl who asks him to, especially if he's engaged to her."

Ranjit dabbed his face down, and his dry lips touched my cheek.

I said: "On my lips." It was like the game with his mother, only much more important.

He said: "I *can't*. It is—indecent. It is not done until we are married, Victoria. When we are married and alone in our room."

SLOWLY, I sat up. I still didn't know anything, and still the gauze screen hung there between us. It was shaking now, because we were wrought up, but it still hid more than it showed.

Ranjit said: "I do love you."

"How do I know what you mean?" I asked.

He said: "Love is more than this kissing. That is something animal."

I said: "My dear, you've got to get away from your mother." I said it to force him out into a place where I could see him clearly. I thought he would get angry and argue with me, and try to persuade me what a wonderful woman she would be to live with. But he said, after a very short pause: "Yes. I must."

I looked at him to see if he was beginning to fight at last. His tone told me nothing. But he was just melancholy. He went on: "I shall go to the guru tomorrow and ask him to receive me back into my religion. Will you come with me and be a Sikh?"

I wanted him to kiss me, but God was important, too. I didn't know God at all. I didn't really believe one word of what the padres said about God. If I didn't believe the padre, why shouldn't I not believe the guru the same way?

I said: "I'll become a Sikh—if you'll promise to kiss me the day before, and promise to leave your mother's house the day after."

"Where shall I go?" he asked.

I said: "Find a house where we can live. We're being married on July first, aren't we?" He hadn't answered about the kiss, so I added: "If you kiss me."

It was awful to force myself on to him like this. I'd never done it before. I told myself that I had to find out whether he loved me, not just admired me.

I had listened to too much English gossip, read too many romantic stories of love in the East. Would he sit opposite me, his knees crossed, and draw me to him? Would he shine in jewels taken from some family vault, and would his body be pale golden and glistening with sweet-smelling ointments? It was a tale of the Arabian Nights that I saw in my mind, of a man strong and beautiful and determined to have me. Then all would be well, and there would be no more gauze screens—if he was like that.

I AM not sure how the rest of the morning and the early part of the afternoon passed. I only remember that it was peaceful inside the Sirdarni's house, and very still outside, and I couldn't find the quarrelsome courage to go on any more just then about K. P. Roy.

Eventually the stillness of the town became an uneasiness that crept inside the quiet room, where I was playing dominoes with Ranjit. The Sirdarni had been out when we got back from the river, and she did not come in until shortly before four. We ate at five, and at six I went home. I wanted to go alone, but the Sirdarni said that Ranjit would—must—go with me.

We saw no one on the way except a fat woman running, waddling like a duck, down a side alley. "You were right," Ranjit said. "Something is brewing."

I said: "And your mother knows about it. That's why she made you come with me."

Then on the Pike we met an old farmer with his wife and his two grown sons, all on a bullock cart, all heading towards the city. The farmer stopped us and asked whether what he had heard was true.

"What have you heard?" Ranjit asked.

The old man said: "There is no rioting, then? The soldiers are not out? I will be able to sell my vegetables to Kurrum Chand? The girl was not killed?"

"There's no rioting," Ranjit said, and then the old farmer told us what he had heard. The Moslems had risen and raped and murdered a little Hindu girl who had innocently thrown a cowpat at the mullah, the Moslem priest. He had all the details except exactly when it had happened—sometime this morning was all he knew.

"I don't know why we tolerate those Moslems," he said, wagging his

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"Actually, Mrs. Smead, his hair isn't so long; why not wait a week or two, or maybe three?"

beard. "I hear they fell on a procession of our Hindus the other day and slaughtered twenty. And then the Gurkhas came and killed twenty of them in revenge. Because the Gurkhas are Hindus. That was good. Did you see that?"

"Nothing like that happened," Ranjit said wearily. "I don't know about a girl being killed today, but there's no rioting. You can go into the city."

We got on to our bicycles, and Ranjit muttered: "Rumour, hate, fear. When will it end?"

"When we've stopped trying to shield Ghanshyam, who is not K. P. Roy's brother, but K. P. Roy himself," I said suddenly.

But Ranjit answered: "I can't send my mother to jail," and my obsession of guilt, of being on a wrong road, swelled a little larger in the bottom of my throat.

Ranjit left me at the edge of the Old Lines, and I went on alone to the house. Almost at once I heard Patrick's motor bike, and went quickly to my room. I didn't want to see him then. As soon as the front door opened Rose Mary shouted: "Mater! Where are the bandages?"

I got up quickly, went into the hall, and asked what was the matter. Mater came out of her room in bedroom slippers and a dirty slip.

Patrick stood under the light in the hall, glaring at me, his chest rising and falling. A thin trickle of blood flowed down his forehead, down the left side of his nose, and into his mouth. His left eye was full of blood. There was a small jagged place on his forehead, near his hair. I felt a little sick and suddenly angry with everybody.

WITHOUT waiting, I ran through Mater's room and found the iodine and the bandages where they were always kept, on a high wooden shelf in the bathroom. Rose Mary knew that perfectly well, but she could do nothing but stand there, shaking and yelling, while Patrick's hurt needed seeing to.

I hurried back into the hall and said: "Come into the parlour and sit down under the light, Patrick."

Patrick put out his hand and pushed me away. He said: "I don't want your hands on me. Rose Mary, you do it."

Rose Mary took the bandages from me. I returned to my room. Now they had forgotten a basin of water and a sponge to wash the wound. I filled my own basin, took it through to the parlour, and held it while Rose Mary washed Patrick's face.

"What's happened?" I asked again.

"Your friends in the city threw a stone at me, that's all," Patrick said. "Hit me on the forehead. It might have gone in my eye, but a lot you would have cared."

"Go away," Rose Mary cried shrilly. "Can't you see Patrick doesn't want to talk to you? You have no shame, or you would be so ashamed of yourself you would cut your throat."

But Patrick didn't really want me to go. A rough bandage was round his head by then, and the blood no more than a dirty stain across his face. He wanted me to stay while he worked off against me his feeling of helplessness. I wanted to stay because he needed looking after and because I knew that nothing had changed, whatever he was doing with Rose Mary, or however desperate it made him to see me wearing a sari and going out with Ranjit.

HE shouted: "Yes, you should cut your throat! They are meeting there in the city, your wog friends, and throwing stones. You would have thrown one yourself if you had been there, I bet. They are getting ready to catch another of us and cut him open. Do you know they did that to poor Mr. Macaulay? What had he done to them, the dirty cowards? They are filthy, dirty savages, all of them—nothing else but savages!"

The telephone rang in the hall, and I answered it. Colonel Savage was on the other end. He said: "Is Taylor there? I want to speak to him. When I've finished with him, I want to speak to you."

I stood beside the telephone while Patrick spoke. When he put it down he turned to me with triumph glowing in his face. He looked like a victorious soldier in a war painting. He said: "At last! The A.F.I. is called out! Now we will show your wog friends what's what."

Then I took the telephone and listened and watched Patrick hurry out. He was a lieutenant in the Auxiliary Force, India, and the senior officer of the force in Bhowani. Now he'd go running around knocking on doors and routing out all the Anglo-Indian guards and drivers and telegraph operators and clerks who formed the A.F.I., and shouting to them to meet as soon as they could outside the rifle kote at the station.

Savage was saying: "Mrs. Dickson is arriving on Two-Ninety Up passenger from Delhi. It's supposed to get in at nineteen forty. She's coming earlier than we expected, and I've sent Henry Dickson down to Shahpur with about half the battalion on a scare. I want you to meet her and take her to her bungalow."

I said: "Very good, sir."

He said: "I'm sending a six-by-six down for you now, with a guard of

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LETTERS OF CONSEQUENCE

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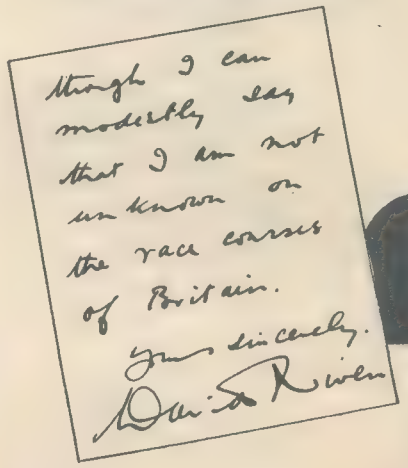
Though I can modestly say that I am not unknown on the race courses of Britain.
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David Niven

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four men, as the city looks like blowing up. I may be there myself, but don't count on it. Has Taylor gone to get his circus fallen in?"

I said, "Yes, sir."

He said: "All right. The truck's on its way."

The truck did not arrive for fifteen minutes. I waited outside for it, in the white sari with the blue border, which I had worn all day. It was dark then, and I saw men hurrying out of houses and along the lamplit roads toward the railway, or bicycling quickly in the direction of the Pike.

The six-by-six came, and I got into the front seat. As we passed the loco sheds, I saw the garage doors open and a group of fellows, working under Patrick's violent gesticulation, pushing out the old armoured car.

When I reached the station, I went to the stationmaster's office to ask whether Molly Dickson's train would be on time. He told me it would be late, perhaps an hour late. I went up to the Traffic Office to see what was happening in the city.

A junior clerk on duty there told me that Ranjit was expected to come in later. I went to the window and leaned out. There were the usual signs of trouble—no beggars, no tongas, the streets totally empty.

I heard the throb of a powerful motor engine. A backfire made me jump, and then the A.F.I. armoured car turned into the station yard. Two six-by-sixes followed it, stopped, and fifteen Gurkhas tumbled out. They stretched and began to light cigarettes. The armoured car stopped. It was fully battened down, its turret a smooth grey dome of steel, and its machine-gun pointing up the Street of Suttees.

Savage arrived in his jeep and drew up alongside the armoured car. He shouted, "Open up," but the crew inside probably couldn't hear him. Nothing happened.

Savage grabbed a Gurkha's kukri and gave the car a tremendous bang with the back of it. The turret top opened slowly, and Patrick's head came out.

"Why have you locked yourselves in there like a family of sardines, Mr. Taylor?" Savage said in a distinct voice that carried up to my window.

PATRICK saluted. A yard lamp showed every detail of his uniform from the waist up. The two brass stars winked on each shoulder, and his enormous prewar-pattern topi was badly dented.

He shouted down: "It is the order, sir, to close down the car when we are in action."

Savage said: "Oh. Thank you for telling me."

Patrick said: "It is nothing, Colonel. I say, what——"

Savage went on: "But you're not in action, Mr. Taylor. You are standing by. Now get everyone out of that thing, and draw your revolvers from the kote. After that, come back here—but just sit around. Relax. Have you been wounded already?" Patrick's topi was perched on top of the big white bandage.

Patrick said: "I was hit by a stone in the city not long ago. The bloody Congress wallahs did it. But about leaving the armoured car, Colonel. We must be prepared at all times. I think we ought to stay here in it. It is my responsibility, you know."

Savage said: "No, it's not. I have given you an order, so the responsibility is now mine. What do you think the Gurkhas are here for except to give you warning and local protection? And for Pete's sake store those hats in the station somewhere. You're unlikely to get sunstroke at this time of night, and with them in the car there's no room for you."

"But, Colonel——" Patrick began.

Savage said: "Mr. Taylor, what I said just now was an order, not a basis for negotiation."

He turned his back and came into the station. He had been amazingly polite, for him. I suppose he recognized that Patrick was doing his very best, as always. I watched while Patrick climbed out of the turret and

sulkily ordered the other two men, Pelton and Ted Dunphy, to follow him.

Then Savage came into the room behind me. I turned to face him, and he said: "If you started wearing those winding sheets in order to shake off Mr. Taylor, you're a hell of a lot cleverer than you have a right to be, with your other armament." He came to the window and stood moodily beside me for a minute, then pulled out a cheroot and moved away to the other window near Patrick's desk.

The station yard was like an empty black pool, the lights shining here and there on it and dark shadows in the corners.

Savage suddenly told me a Hindu girl had been killed—no one knew how or when. So it was true after all. They'd found her body in a dry well in the city, with Arabic letters written in ink on her forehead that said: "There is one God."

I wanted to ask him exactly why the A.F.I. had been called out, and why he had sent half his battalion to Shahpur, but I was sure he would snub me if I did, so I held my tongue.

Two young men, Indians, came walking together down the middle of Suttees toward the station. They entered the area of light and walked less hastily, and began to talk to each other as they came on. They were ordinary young men in their early twenties, clerks perhaps, come here to catch the train. They must have hurried nervously through the deserted city and now smiled and spoke to each other rather hilariously because they had reached safety.

Then they saw the armoured car and decided they'd like to go and have a look at it. They must have been overexcited with sudden relief.

Patrick stepped forward into my view, his hand on the pistol in his webbing holster.

The young men got nearer. Patrick shouted roughly in Hindustani, "Keep off!"

The young men stayed where they were, near the right front wheel of the armoured car. One said insolently: "Who are you to order me about? This is public taxpayers' property. We paid for it."

He was wrong there, as a matter of fact. The railway had made it and given it to the A.F.I. without charge.

Patrick drew his revolver and shouted: "You keep off, or I will shoot you!" The bandage shone white round his head, and he stood in a heroic posture, his legs braced and his revolver arm steady.

I shouted: "Patrick, don't be a fool!"

Savage leaned out of his window to shout, too, and the Collector's little car turned into the yard. Govindaswami had the habit of racing his engine before switching off. He drew up the other side of the armoured car and did not see Patrick behind it. Savage shouted: "Taylor! Put that pistol away!" but the car's engine was racing, and one of the young men put his hand on the heavy steel mudguard. Patrick fired.

The Indians jumped and began to run away across the yard, yelling. Patrick took aim at them, to fire again. Savage shouted: "In the name of——" grabbed the double inkwell off Patrick's desk, held the lid tight shut, and threw it down. The solid glass hit Patrick on the back of the head, and he stumbled slowly forward and fell flat on his face, red and blue ink blending to form a huge purple pool on him and all round him.

Savage shouted down to Dunphy: "You—stand by that car but *do not shoot*! I'm coming down." He turned and ran out of the room. A pair of Gurkhas stepped from deep shadow at the near end of Suttees and held up their rifles, the bayonets fixed. The running young Indians stopped, looked this way and that, gradually calmed down, and walked back towards the station arch.

GOVINDASWAMI bent over Patrick, wetted his finger in the "blood," lifted it to his nose, and sniffed at it, bewildered. Savage arrived, and Govindaswami stood up. The two stood talking in low tones, looking down on Patrick's motionless body.

At last Patrick stirred, and I felt my muscles go loose. My chest ached with anger at him and pity for him. He tried and tried, and only got hurt, whatever he did.

I heard an engine whistle to the north. I had to go. As I passed the booking-office I caught a glimpse, through it, of Govindaswami and the two young Indians and Savage, all talking together, while Patrick leaned dizzily against the side of the armoured car with Dunphy supporting him.

The train came in. There were only two first-class compartments on it, and Molly Dickson was in one of them with the two dazed, whining children and a fat old ayah and all the paraphernalia that Europeans travel with in India.

Molly Dickson stepped down quickly to the platform as soon as the train stopped, and was at once surrounded by shouting coolies. I forced through them to her side and said: "Mrs. Dickson, I'm Victoria Jones. Your husband couldn't come, so Colonel Savage——"

Molly's blonde hair stood out untidily all round her head. Her face was sharp-featured, with a pointed nose. Her lips were thin, but she daubed them so that they looked larger with lipstick. Her skin was dry and marked by tiny lines; her blue eyes were big, restless and beginning to fade. She stared at me and cried: "Victoria Jones—*Victoria*!" She flung her arms round my neck, kissed me, and stepped back. She said: "But why on *earth* are you wearing——?"

I interrupted her quickly. "We'd better hurry up, Molly. The city is disturbed. Colonel Savage has sent a truck for you."

The Gurkhas were walking out of the station beside the coolies. Everything had gone except Ayah and the children. Janet, the elder child, tugged at the skirt of my sari and said: "Auntie Vicky, are you an ayah now?"

"Shh, Janet," Molly said. "Now run along with Ayah. Is Rodney here, Victoria? What's he done with my poor Henry now? I bet he's sent him as far away as he can so that he—Oooh, Rodney!" She stood on tiptoe, shrieked and waved her hand.

Savage came up to us and saluted her with a short smile. She flung her arms round his neck and said: "I've just been telling Victoria you must have sent Henry away so that you could tuck me into bed yourself."

He said: "You flatter yourself, Molly." He disentangled himself and looked her up and down. He said: "Not too bad, considering you're a bit of an old koi hai now. I didn't know you knew Miss Jones."

"Oh *yes*," Molly cried. "I've had lots of lovely gossip sessions in Delhi with Victoria. You know, all about our female insides, and men, and——"

He said: "My dear girl, you needn't tell me. I know you. Come on."

WE walked out of the station and he slipped into the driving seat of the jeep and told me to follow with Mrs. Dickson in the six-by-six. He revved up his engine, and the jeep began to move. Birkhe, his young Gurkha orderly, was sitting upright, alone in the back seat.

Molly and I scrambled into the front seat of the six-by-six, alongside the driver. The body of the truck was full of Gurkhas, dogs, luggage, children and Ayah.

Molly watched the jeep moving slowly along in front of us and said: "Is that man in love with you?"

"Colonel Savage?" I said, very surprised. "Good heavens no! The opposite, rather, from the way he behaves."

Molly said: "That doesn't mean a thing. Rodney has complexes where other people have manners. Don't you think he's got *it*, though? Not that he's ever shown it to me." She laughed abstractedly. Molly always talked like that, and usually about that.

A stone smashed into the windscreen directly in front of our driver. He swerved sharply and pressed his horn button, and Ayah screamed in the back.

Savage swung round in the jeep and must have seen the scarred glass. The street was bare and the houses on both sides bolted and barred. Savage slowed and shouted back, "Any damage?" I answered, "No, sir." He raised his hand and increased speed.

Molly said crossly: "He takes it

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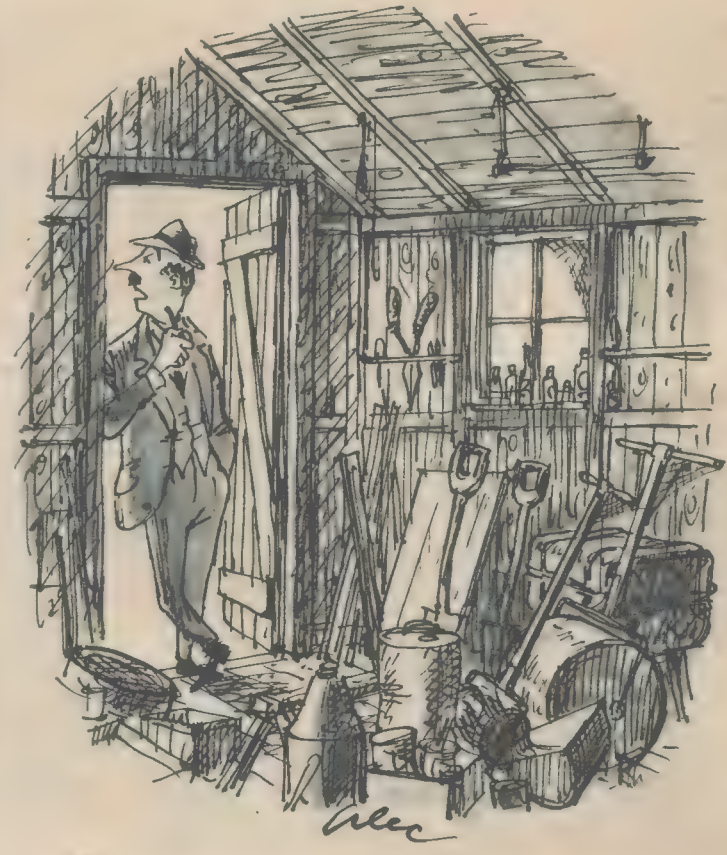

"A thorough inspection of the mower shows it to be quite beyond repair, I'm afraid, dear"

very calmly. We might have had our eyes put out. What d'you call him 'sir' for? You're out of the army now, aren't you? What *are* you doing here, anyway?"

Watching the jeep ahead, and thinking of answers for Molly, I saw Birkhe's head jerk sideways; then he clapped his hands over his eyes and rolled forward in the seat. The jeep stopped with a jerk. We were on the Pike then, where there were bare patches and scrubby small fields between the separate shacks and huts and hovels.

Savage shouted an order, and the Gurkhas tumbled out of the back of our six-by-six.

Little Birkhe rocked backward and forward, grasping his head in his hands. Savage bent back to take a quick look at him.

Molly muttered: "My God, what's happened *now?*"

Savage threw the jeep into gear and flung it across the shallow ditch to the left. The searching headlights jumped on to three Indian youths of about fifteen or sixteen hurrying along the line of a low wall. The jeep shot forward, and its lights pinned the boys like moths against the wall. They stopped running and stood, blinded, their faces suddenly vacant with terror.

THE Gurkhas ran forward, and by the time they arrived Savage was out of the jeep and walking slowly into the brilliant light.

He stood in front of the boys and must have been speaking to them, though I could not hear. The Gurkhas stood around in a half circle, the tommy-guns levelled and a bayonet point weaving from left to right.

When Savage turned his back and walked to the jeep, three of the Gurkhas put down their arms and advanced on the boys. The boys shrieked and yelled for mercy, but the Gurkhas knocked them down and began to kick them with their big boots, and lean down and punch them in the face.

I heard their boots thudding for a moment or two, and then Savage started up the jeep, and the lights swung away, leaving the boys and the Gurkhas in darkness, as Savage slowly brought the jeep back on to the Pike.

He came over to us and said: "Are you all right?" His voice was stiff and harsh. He was always murderously angry when a Gurkha had been hurt or insulted or even misunderstood.

Molly had her mouth open. I said again, quickly, "Yes, sir." He got back into the jeep, and by our lights I saw him put his arm quickly round Birkhe in a sort of hugging pat, and one of the other Gurkhas got in to hold Birkhe up in the seat; then we drove on.

MAJOR DICKSON wasn't there, of course, when we reached the bungalow, but the bearer had food and baths and drinks ready, and, looking at Molly's white face and her eyes that were always anxious, I did not want to stay and be talked with. I made excuses and drove away in the six-by-six as soon as it was empty.

I found Savage in the road outside the offices. Birkhe had gone. He said: "Four thirty, here, Miss Jones."

I thought I had not heard him properly. I said: "Four thirty in the morning, sir?"

He said: "Yes, for Pete's sake. With your shoes laced up and a notebook and pencil and——"

"I'm sorry, sir," I said quickly. I was really sorry for him, and asked: "How badly is Birkhe hurt?"

He said: "He got a bottle or a stone on the side of his head. Like Surabhai. It came within a quarter of an inch of putting his eye out. I'm going to the hospital now. I think he'll be all right, as a matter of fact." He glanced at me and said shortly: "It's sensible of you to ask. Look, I'm going to apologize to Taylor for what happened this evening as soon as I get a chance. I suppose you think I'm gloating because I've made him look a bloody fool again. Well, I'm not. Taylor's a better man than his luck lets him show. It wasn't anybody's fault tonight. With Taylor it never is. And I'm going to apologize to Molly for being a bit short with her. And to you for——" He stared at me, and said, very low: "No, not to you."

He smiled, and I saw he was absolutely exhausted. "Four thirty," he said.

To be continued next week

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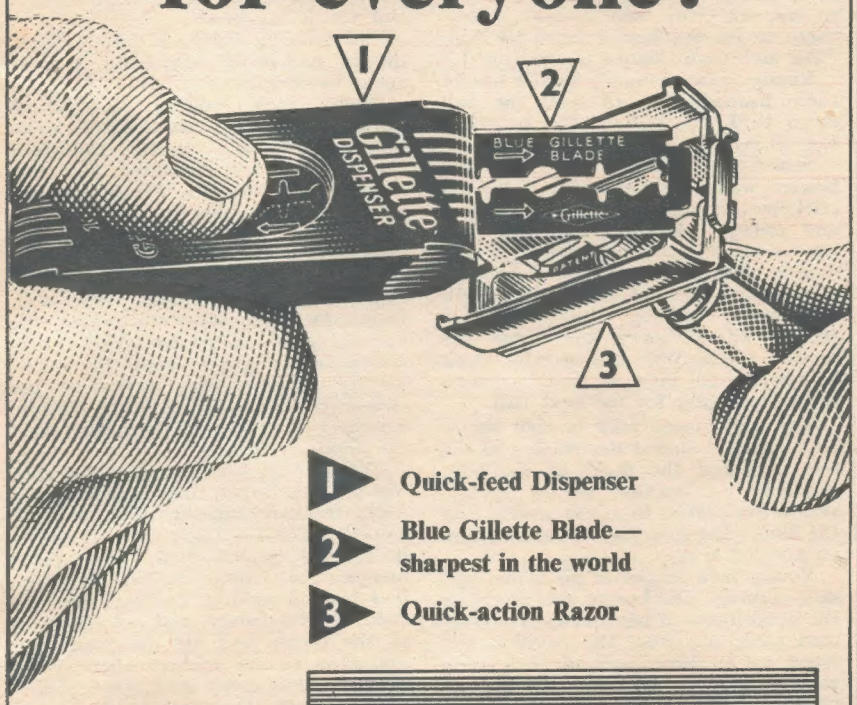

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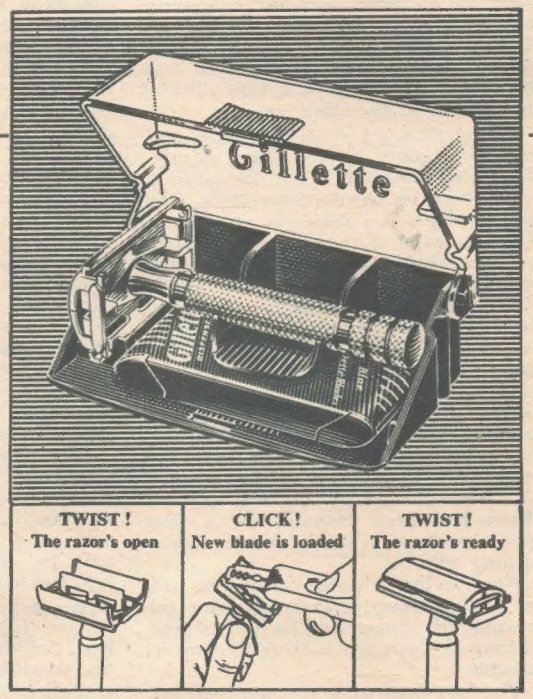

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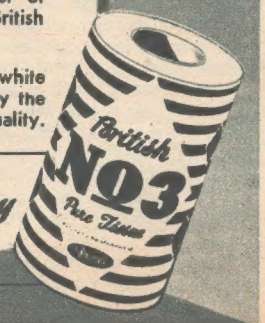

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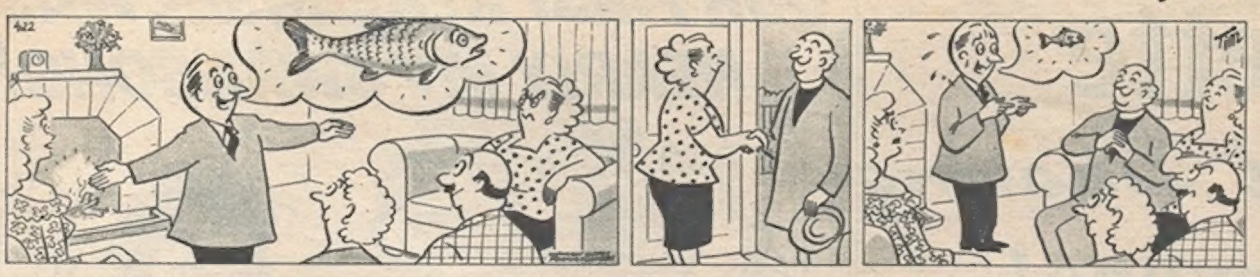

A MASTER OF THE GOLDEN GAME

Continued from page 7

that on a hot day a crowd would tolerate slow scoring, but that when there were showers they needed excitement and liveliness.

Sam Evans was, by heart and natural talent and developed skill, perhaps the greatest batsman in the West of Britain. He was a great master of the golden English game, and he might have had lasting favours and great fortune but for his weakness. This great, tall, gentle and much-loved cricketer had only one God-given leg; the other was artificial. Thus, always, in every game, some other man had to do the actual running for Sam Evans.

Sam had, therefore, in the thirty years when he was active in the game, to be content as a master of village cricket.

Yet he was not discontented. Crowds gave him affection, and what scores he failed to get by snatched runs, he obtained for his side by long drives and breathtaking boundaries. But even these successes might not have been compensation for his weakness, had there not been his son, young Jack Evans.

Young Jack was born in June, and even in the first few months of his life he was brought in his pram to the edges of cricket-fields to hear the crack of bat on ball. Mrs. Evans had never missed a match in which her husband played, and she was to be seen always, near to the outfield, busily knitting sweaters or socks in the sunshine.

Young Jack, in due course, developed the love of all small children for a ball; when he was three his father bought him his first bat. It was only a small affair, and yet there was no doubt that Jack had inherited his father's skill at cricket.

FROM the first exciting day when the toddler knocked a soft ball right through a neighbour's greenhouse, Sam began to coach his son. He did it with patience and tenderness, for he was working with the two great loves of his life: cricket and Jack. Mrs. Evans was at first amused by this teaching of cricket to the young son; but soon she, too, began to help. She knitted tiny sweaters for the little lad, and made white linen trousers for him and pads out of an old corset.

Jack went to school and there he was happy through the summer while cricket could be played, but thoroughly miserable when football came round. But throughout the winter Jack was coached at cricket by his father; in the garden in sharp, frosty weather, and in the cellar of the house if there was snow or rain upon the land.

The boy, in due course, was clever enough to get a scholarship to the secondary school. And there, he was lucky enough to have as a master a man who had played for Yorkshire. This man taught young Jack the few points of cricket which his father had not been able to do: how to field a ball while on the move, how to reach a crease cleanly and satisfy an umpire, how to place the feet when bowling. But there was nothing about the art of batting which this man could teach young Jack, and this cricketer gave it as his opinion that one day the lad would be one of the great ones of the game.

So time went on, with Jack playing for the county sometimes, and always practising in the evenings and at weekends with his father. Mrs. Evans knitted new and bigger sweaters; Sam Evans worked harder in his greengrocer's shop so that he might have larger profits to buy his son the best equipment for the game.

And then, at the start of a summer, the county selection committee picked Jack for an important one-day charity match against a team which included a number of well-known players. The match was to take place on the county ground, and his captain told Jack that he was to be one of the opening batsmen. Sam Evans was asked to be one of the umpires; he did this often in later years. He enjoyed umpiring and used a shooting-stick when at square leg, though, of course, standing when at the bowling end.

THE day of the great match came in with honest June weather: a misty morning, clearing to a brilliant sky of blue, a little wind ebbing down from the heights of the cool mountains of inland Wales, the grass green from the heavy dew of the night.

The county cricket-ground was set on the outskirts of the market town. It was a lovely field, with beeches and elms and a great church higher than the sightscreen. And there was a pavilion with gables; and a small stand which was painted cream and which had over it the Union Jack and the Dragon of Wales, side by side.

To this field at 10.30 in the morning walked Sam Evans and his son, young Jack. They had come by bus, carrying with them the long leather bag which held their pads and gloves and the shooting-stick which Sam Evans would use during the day. Mrs. Evans was to follow later when the housework was over.

Now this father and son, going to the game, were talking to one another about little things—a disguise for the great emotion which both of them felt this day.

They entered the ground and went to the dressing-rooms. In time the toss was made; the visiting team won and decided to bat first. And so the game started, under the warmth of the morning sun with the golden weathercock on the church gay above the whiteness of the sightscreens.

Young Jack was not an expert bowler, but he was soon showing what an excellent fielder he was by some brilliant work in the covers.

The game went on briskly, and by half-an-hour after lunchtime the entire visiting team had been got out for a total of only seventy-three runs. This was mostly due to the bowling of a man called Perkins, whose fast inswingers were renowned throughout the Border country. Sam Evans himself welcomed this man Perkins, for he could always profit by such bowling. But the visitors were beaten completely, and soon after lunch the local team went in to bat.

By now the ground had quite filled with people and there was that curious calm yet vibrant atmosphere about the place when a game is neither wholly lost, nor totally won. The sun became hot and the wind ceased. Men put newspapers as tents over their heads, and at the refreshment tents there were queues for lemonade and cider. The clock in the grey church struck the hours melodiously; and sometimes rooks complained from the private heights of the elms.

Young Jack had as his companion batsman Little Will, who collected insurance for a living. Little Will took the bowing first. He was a cunning batsman, taking advantage of every easy ball, but stonewalling at other times.

Sam Evans was at the bowling end as umpire, and he spoke once, briefly, to his son who was standing aside there to let the bowler have his run. "All luck, lad. Mam's in the crowd."

Young Jack answered as the bowler came towards him to send the ball down to Little Will. "Thanks, Dad. Leg all right?"

Sam Evans made no answer, for the bowler was now delivering. The old cricketer watched the ball go down, and young Jack watched it also. The bowler was a lean young man with long flailing arms. The ball was a tremendously fast one; it beat Little Will completely, passing closely his off stump. There was a gasp from the crowd. Little Will brushed his dark hair back from his eyes, and then took his stance again for the next ball.

The lean young man bowled again. Sam Evans watched the placing of the feet, watched the flight of the ball, betrayed no emotion as the middle stump was flicked from the ground and the bails went spinning like ash-keys in an autumn breeze.

Young Jack looked at his father and said nothing. The bowler was receiving the handshakes of his friends. The next man came out from the pavilion. He stood up to three balls by luck more than judgment; the next ball got his middle stump. The crowd sighed deeply. Two men out for no runs and the best man, young Jack, now to take the bowling at the other end.

Young Jack got set in his crease, and was given guard by the other umpire. His father had taken up his position in the field on the shooting stick. The lad managed to play the over and scored a couple of runs. The other man, however, was clean bowled by the very first ball he took.

Then this exciting game continued through the afternoon until a point was reached when the home side had made thirty-eight runs only for nine wickets. Twenty-five of these had been made by young Jack, using great caution. The other nine batsmen had scored only ten runs between them; the others were byes. Some of the batsmen had been bowled by the fast bowler; others had been ensnared by a slow spin expert, who made full use of a turning wicket.

Now, as the last man came in to bat, yet again young Jack had to face the bowling. He knew that he had to play so that he kept the batting as long as possible.

The last man with him was Perkins, who, although a miracle bowler, used his bat with the gusto of a wild, abandoned golfer. If, by chance, he hit the ball, it was always for a six. If he missed, then the wind of the passing of his bat was enough to unseat the bails. With the score standing at thirty-eight against seventy-three, Jack could have wished for a more reliable man.

NOW young Jack had to face the lean fast bowler again. He managed to turn the ball for two runs and as they passed each other Perkins growled to young Jack: "You're batting, lad."

With great distinction, these two contrived to arrange things so that young Jack had most of the bowling. Once, on a wild swipe, Perkins sent the ball into the churchyard for six. On another occasion he took a forward drive of such power that the outer casing of the ball split at the seams, and Sam Evans had to send for another.

By ones and twos gained by young Jack, these last two men managed to creep the scoring up to sixty-eight. The whole crowd was tense and still, now that only six runs were needed to win. A great hit from the mad Perkins could do it; or six gained with craft by young Jack.

Then Jack knocked a four right into the black mass of the crowd on the boundary. While the ball was being returned, Perkins came up to his fellow batsman and said: "Two only, two to win . . . oh, me nerves!"

Jack could see that Perkins was sweating and shaking. The lad replied, "Only one more ball of the over to me, Perky boy, and then it's up to you."

"Knock it over the stars lad, right over the stars."

"Stars are your department, Perky. But I'll do my best."

The bowling came to young Jack; the last ball of this over before it went again to Perkins.

Young Jack took a short drive beyond mid-on. The man there fumbled the ball. Perkins and Jack made a quick run, hesitated, and then chanced another. But the fielder had gained control of his fingers again and was heaving in the ball. The two batsmen continued their second run after a moment of halting. The wicket-keeper was dancing and then, with young Jack almost at the crease, the man slung the ball to the wicket. There was a great "ahhh" from the crowd as the wicket-keeper swept off the bails. Jack looked to the umpire, watching the mark of the crease from the field.

The umpire, by chance at this end, was his own father, Sam Evans. Young Jack thought himself that he had gained his crease, for, if he had missed it, it must have been by an invisible margin. But the wicket-keeper, who had been watching the ball and the bails and the fielder, and not the mark of the crease and the batsman, was appealing to the umpire. There was a moment of stillness after the "ahhh" of the crowd. The clock in the church struck five and Sam Evans, there on his lonely stick on the field, waited for the chiming to cease before giving his decision.

IN the pavilion the home team were watching anxiously; the fielding side were staring at the old cricketer with a curious immobility, as if they were white dancers held in an ordered pose on the greenness of the pitch. Some of the crowd were standing. Was this to be a tie, an exact equivalent of runs? Or had young Jack gained his crease to give them a thrilling victory?

And then, very slowly, with a rather sad smile on his face, the great old cricketer, Sam Evans, raised his finger.

There was a great sigh from the spectators. Young Jack was out, and the game had ended in a tie. There was laughter now that the suspense was over; and the two batsmen, the two umpires, and the fielding team went to join the home side for a high tea in the pavilion.

Sam Evans walked slowly at the rear, for his leg was tired after a day in the sunshine. Perkins and young Jack walked with him, one on either side.

It was Perkins who spoke first. "That was a hard decision to make, Sam."

The old cricketer who had never lost a game for his side looked at Perkins, and then turned to smile at young Jack. It was the smile of a man touched suddenly this day with a sort of saintliness, as if he had reached above all rights and wrongs. And after a while, as he limped along, he spoke, but looked neither at Perkins nor his own dear son.

"It was a golden game. It'd have been a pity for anybody to lose. Besides, Perkins, you know the lad wasn't in his crease."

Perkins nodded and helped Sam Evans up the steps to the pavilion, young Jack carrying the shooting-stick just behind, with his bat.

And as they went into the heat of the building, and could smell the steam from the tea urns, they said no more to each other. A man had placed simple honour above the triumph of his own son, and had upheld the glory of the great English game which is played under the summer sun, near old and chiming churches, on green and honest fields.

THE END

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2. Editor undertakes that all *Bullets* received shall be accorded careful consideration by competent Adjudicators.
3. As entry-fee enclose P.O. or stamps as indicated on coupon. Fee submitted will be taken to cover *Bullets* in coupon order—any sent in excess will be disqualified. Plain-paper entries are allowed. If using P.O. make payable to JOHN BULL, cross /& Co./, write name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated. Forces half-rate for *Bullets* for entry-fees not exceeding 2s. if coupons personally completed and Service rank indicated.
4. Entries accepted by post only and on condition that result of this Contest (in *"Bullets" Bulletin* dated June 5 and in JOHN BULL dated June 12), also Editor's decision in any matter of dispute, are accepted as final and legally binding. Odhams' employees (and families) ineligible.

(See "Daily Herald" on Saturday, May 29, for early news of *Bullets* No. 1,936 result.)

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